



THE SKETCH



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No. 1614—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: LADY ALEXANDRA CURZON.

Lady Alexandra Curzon, who was born in 1904, is the youngest daughter of the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, by his first wife, Mary Leiter. She has inherited much of her mother's beauty,

and is one of the most popular débutantes. She has two sisters—Lady Mary Irene Curzon, and Lady Cynthia Blanche Mosley, wife of the Independent Member for Harrow.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT THE YEAR.

NO, no. Not the year that has gone. We have had enough of that. Nothing quite so indigestible as hashed year.

I thought of saying a word in your ear about the year that is beginning. It is quite absurd to keep on going through a whole year without knowing anything about the history and make-up of it.

Do you know, for example, how the months got their names? The Romans arranged all that.

January was sacred to the god Janus.

February took its name from Februa, a festival of purification celebrated on the 15th of that month.

March, of course, we all know—that pugnacious fellow.

April is the wittiest name. It comes from

aperire, to open, because this is the month when the earth opens and produces fruit. I know there are other suggested derivations, such as *apricus*, sunny. Also that this was the month when Noah opened the window of the Ark and let out the dove. And you know, of course, that All Fools' Day is supposed to date from the day when Noah made a fool of the dove. She flew out in high spirits, poor thing, but had to return to the Ark because there was no place to land.

Personally, I shall cling to the "opening for the production of fruit" theory. There is more buck to it.

May was dedicated to the goddess Maia, who presided over growth or increase. (I will not tell you why hawthorn blossom is called may. That is a deadly secret.)

What about June?

—a delightful month when fine. June is derived from Junius, a family name; but *juvenis* is the root word. June is a young month. You can be as young as you like—within limits—in June.

July was bagged for his special month by Julius Cæsar. He thought he had picked the best; but Augustus Cæsar took the next, together with all the cheap excursion money. The Cæsar family were rather warm material.

After that nobody else wanted a month, so September, October, November, and December were simply named according to their numbers in the calendar.

Leap Year was invented by Julius Cæsar, who loved anything difficult. The calendar

was far too simple for him. So he doubled the sixth day before the Calends of March and called the year bissextile. This is nothing to what the Imperial Staff of Mathematicians called *him*. Many of them quite failed to understand the new reckoning, and so their heads were taken off. This was a relief to the Mathematicians, because nothing else could have cured their headaches. The only ones who survived were those who pretended to understand it and bluffed the Emperor. Even Cæsar could not execute every dull-witted person in the Empire.

The Jews have got a year all to themselves. Their years are arranged in cycles of nineteen. You may think it is the same day with them as it is with you, but you are wrong. They are probably having a splendid Thursday whilst you are still wrestling with a rotten

in working it out, but it is almost the first thing the girls learn.

The Egyptians got into an awful mess with their years. They had to have a thing they called a "vague year"; but nobody really understood it, so the "vague year" was dropped. Not absolutely, of course, but nominally. They went in for a fixed year, which began, for some strange reason connected with the moon and the sun, on August 29. I vote we don't bother about that.

The modern Hindu has got the year business as simple as you please. This is how he does it. He simply waits for the new moon which precedes the arrival of the sun at the initial point of the lunar zodiac, near the two chief stars of Aries.

When he has got the new moon in that position, that is where he wants it. He cries, "Now! We're off!" And lo! the year has begun. You couldn't possibly have anything more convenient than that, always providing that you know when the sun *does* arrive at the initial point of the lunar zodiac, and which *are* the chief stars of Aries.

I rather think of adopting the Hindu plan myself. "Every man his own calendar" would be a capital idea when it came to settling up—I mean, to settling up as distinct from being settled up with.

All this time you have been waiting to know why ladies are allowed to propose marriage to gentlemen on the twenty-ninth of February.

That is extremely simple. In olden times women used to propose whenever they felt inclined. This was awkward for the gentlemen because the ladies always did feel inclined.

Certain days therefore had to be set aside when they could not propose. The Committee in charge of the matter sat for a year or so and kept drawing their pens through the days when ladies could not propose, until, at last, all the days were crossed out.

But the year in which they sat did not happen to be a Leap Year, and they all forgot Feb. 29.

Except the ladies. They waited patiently for that day, the only one left to them in the Calendar. And there has never been a Royal Commission on the subject since.

But there may be. And if it consists mainly of women—



A FAMOUS LABOUR LEADER AND HIS JAZZ BAND: THE RIGHT HON. J. H. THOMAS, HIS WIFE, HIS DAUGHTERS, AND ONE OF HIS SONS KEEP CHRISTMAS.

It has been suggested that, if a Labour Government is formed, Mr. J. H. Thomas will be Home Secretary.—[Photograph by Keystone.]

Tuesday. If you think it over, you will see how that helps.

The Mohammedan year is not a bit the same as ours. They don't care a rush about the sun for calendar purposes. We make a great fuss with the sun for obvious reasons; people who get it in the neck for sixteen hours a day are not likely to make a calendar about it.

The Mohammedan has twelve months, one of twenty-nine days and then one of thirty. But that gets them a bit wrong at the end of the year, so eleven years out of each thirty get an extra day. In other words, they get eleven Leap Years out of thirty. The Mohammedan schoolboys, they say, are rather slow

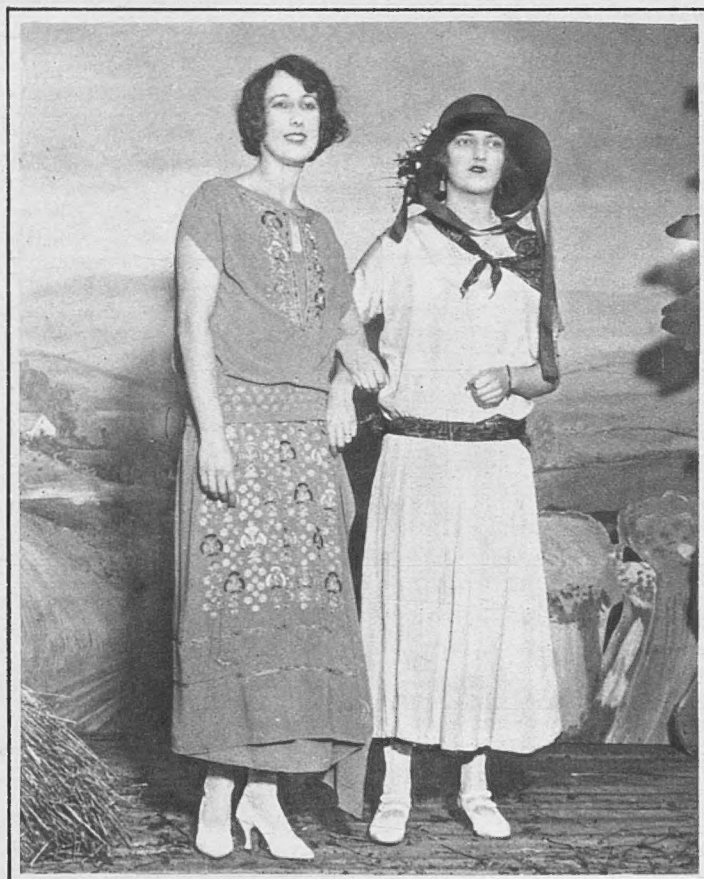
In a General's Private Theatre: Amateurs and Barrie.



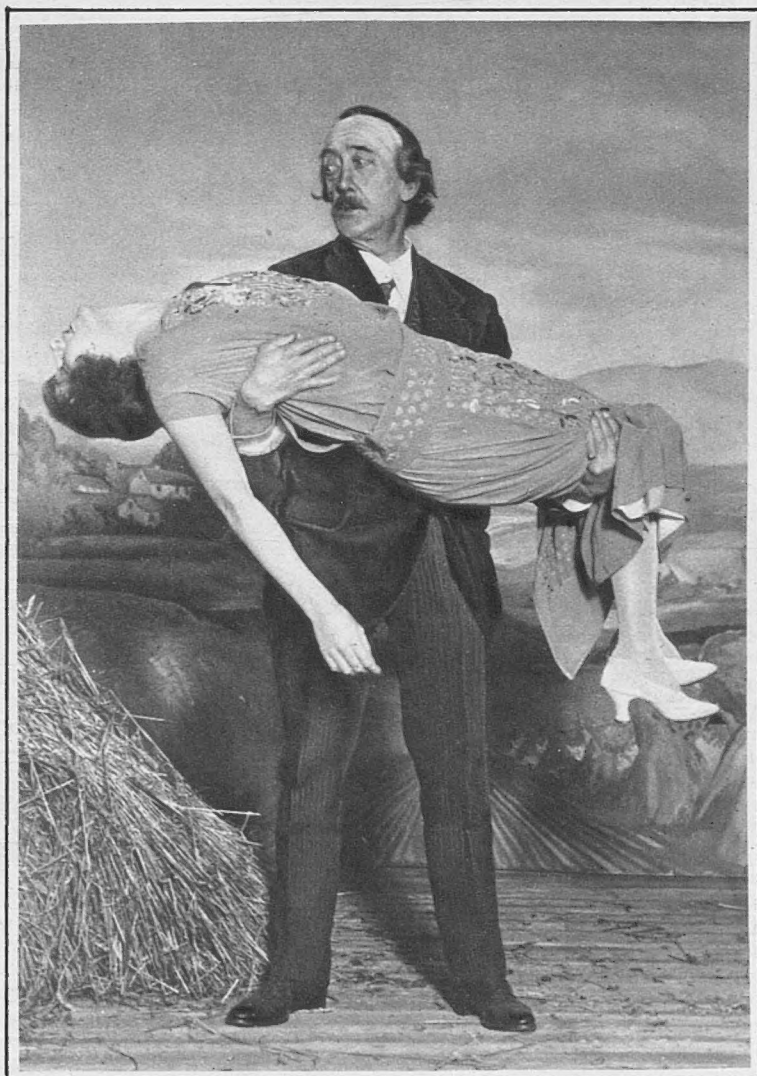
LADY KINLOCH, MISS KINLOCH, MISS DAWKINS, MR. W. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, AND THE HON. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER (L. TO R.).



MR. A. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, CAPTAIN NORTON, AND MISS EGERTON LEIGH (LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE HON. MRS. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER
AND MISS KINLOCH.



GENERAL BROMLEY-DAVENPORT AS THE PROFESSOR,
AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER AS LUCY.

"The Professor's Love Story" was presented in the private theatre at Capesthorpe Hall, Chelford, Cheshire, the residence of General William Bromley-Davenport, C.B., C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., by members of his house party. Lady Kinloch is the wife of Sir David Alexander Kinloch, and is a sister of General W. Davenport. Miss Kinloch is her younger

daughter. The Hon. Christopher Lowther is the eldest son of Viscount Ullswater, and married Dorothy, daughter of A. Bromley-Davenport, in 1921. Captain the Hon. Richard Norton is the eldest son of the fifth Baron Grantley, and married Jean Mary, elder daughter of Sir David Kinloch, in 1919.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co.]

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

HALF the world is beginning to think of the delights of Switzerland and the Riviera; but, all the same, with little young 1924 at his newest, I'm inclined to think it is a trifle foolish to forsake the delights of England just yet.

Two of the best of our "home-grown" pleasures—hunt balls and country-house parties—are the January attractions; and

Jack) are having their dance tomorrow, January 3, in the Northampton Town Hall. Last year it was a particularly good one, and was followed by a private ball given by Lord and Lady Northampton, at Castle Ashby, the Duke of York being one of the most important guests at both

gatherings—which reminds me that I hear that our Royal Duke and his charming young Duchess are likely to attend the Pytchley Ball this year.

On the day after the dance, there is to be a by-day, and hounds will probably meet—if no foot-and-mouth restrictions intervene—at Althorp, where there will be the usual much-enlarged field, all feeling a little weary and over-tired from the night before, but each trying to impress the other that they never felt better or more fit in their lives! But, weary or no, tired or fresh, a few notes of Frank Freeman's voice putting hounds into covert will help to dispel all woe—then a good scent, a good fox, a "halloa away," and all is forgotten—except to be with them!

Then, in addition to hunt balls, there are quite a number of country dances arranged for early January. Lady Hawkins, the wife of Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, the novelist who created Ruritania and the romantic "Prisoner of Zenda," has fixed the 5th for her dance at Walton-on-the-Hill; and, as it is so near

town, I expect there will be some motoring parties from London.

Lady Hawkins is a most attractive woman, with the red-gold hair which her novelist-husband is fond of conferring on his heroines of fiction, and might, indeed, have sat for his portrait of Princess Flavia. Miss Hawkins is a beautiful dancer, and is an extremely clever girl. She is making the stage her profession, and has, I hear, great talent. Lady Hawkins is American by birth, and was formerly Miss Sheldon. She has all the U.S.A. genius for entertaining, and combines a love of society with the rather unexpected talent for fine needlework. She made all the file mats, table-cloths, and other exquisite pieces of "furnishing" which adorn her beautifully appointed house.

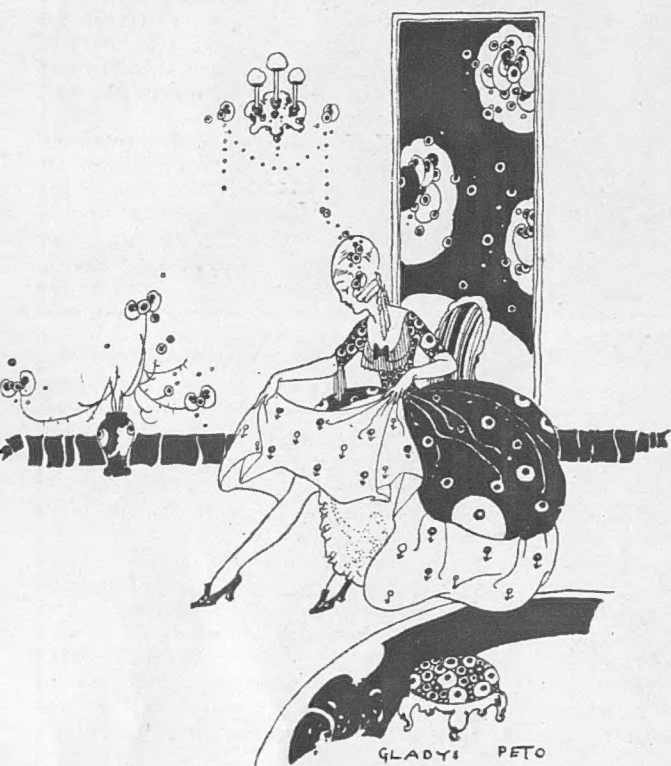
Lord Acton has fixed upon January 7 for the ball he is giving at Aldenham Park, his Shropshire seat, where the family reside. It is for his eldest daughter, Miss Marie Immaculée Acton, who came out recently. The Actons, who are a very ancient family, joined the Protestant Church when the Reformation reached England, and reverted to the Old Faith in 1750. The present Peer has one of the most impressive families in Debrett, as it consists of seven daughters and two sons.



It really was very clever of Lady Bingham to give her party to help the League of Mercy in the form of an imitation Supper Club dance. Those who know the drawing-room at 40, Hertford Street did not think it could be managed, for, though it is quite a fair-sized room for ordinary purposes, when it comes to putting tables all round it—!

When the Prince of Wales heard that his own brother, Prince George, was going to it, he asked if he might come too; and King Manoel was there as well, and sat at Lady Bingham's table. Altogether, there were about a hundred guests, and later in the evening, or, rather, towards the early hours of the morning, the tables were removed one by one, and then there was plenty of room to dance.

About midnight, the Duchess of Westminster and her carol-singers came and made a record collection. It was all very jolly, for everyone knew everyone else, and there were mostly young married people present; such as Lord and Lady Stanley, Captain and Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, the Victor Warrenders, and others of the same set. Lady Cunard was, of course, one of the most energetic dancers, for this is just the sort of party she loves, and would not miss for worlds; and Lady Alexandra Curzon was one of the few unmarried girls present.



1. Angela has been to see "Pompadour," and is delighted with the pretty clothes and setting. She has refurnished her house and her person accordingly, and means always to appear like this.

though fox-hunters are not at their happiest at the moment, owing to the foot-and-mouth scourge, they ought to be able to shake off depression when they go hunt-ball dancing.

Of course, the feature of hunt balls is not always the dancing—their special character includes the attendance of a good company of men who aren't counted in the regular dancing set and whose ball-room movements are rather of the violent "round-and-round-quick-valse" variety; and when "John Peel" comes at the end of the evening, even the most mature of the company in pink—or, as those who were blooded in the 'Eighties would say, in red coats—remember their schoolboy days and go most merrily mad.

It is really rather a pity, though, that so few hunt balls are held in private houses, but either in the local Town Hall or Corn Exchange, where the sitting-out places offer only a choice of occupying a small, hard, and very upright chair in the ball-room (a position in which Gumbriel's Patent Small Clothes—introduced to us in "Antic Hay"—would be most comforting wear!), face to face with the inevitable and alarming row of chaperons which remains a feature of hunt balls, or of freezing in cold and cheerless passages. Last year I remember what a delightful contrast to this the Cottesmore Ball provided, for it was held in that charming house, Burghley on the Hill. The Pytchley (who, by the way, have been having an excellent season under the Joint-Mastership of the brothers Lowther—Sir Charles and Major



2. But some of the "Pompadour" clothes are too uncomfortable for anything!

Have you heard from Marian? After twenty-four hours on the Riviera she decided she was already sunburnt—and then discovered that not the sun, but her new amber-coloured bath salts were the cause. Bath salts, like our lives and our shoes, grow more and more highly coloured as the months go on.

The New English Art Club manages to keep up its original high standard, both in



3. And the chairs are hard and horrid. So Angela discards them both. . . .

freshness of outlook and in achievement, and this in spite of the fact that some of the early members—John and Orpen, for instance—are not showing this year. The present exhibition is most interesting. There is a Muirhead Bone of the "Landing of the French President at Marseilles," so full of detail that you might think he had spent a lifetime on it if you had not heard him say that he works so rapidly that if he saw a man climbing up a ladder, he could draw him three times before he got to the top of it.

The big mural 'painting,' "Symphonie Pastorale," is not very exciting, and there is a lot of Sir Charles Holmes. All very pleasant, but getting more and more like Meccano, as though they were different arrangements of the same units. I wonder does he work like "A. E.," who says he paints two pictures every Sunday afternoon?

The big "Posthumous Portrait" by Tonks is interesting and clever, though you can't really admire it, because it seems rather in the way of being a stunt. A crinolined lady (he has always had a passion for them, and it must be said that he was one of the first to start it), leans against the mantelpiece with a background of striped wall-paper, and her husband, in mid-Victorian dinner-jacket and whiskers, sits at the other side of the fireplace. Quite a museum of Victorian antiquities!

There are some charming water-colours by Ethelbert White (who is coming on in a remarkable manner) and Wilson Steer—both good, and as opposite as can be in manner; and a fine drawing of Chartres by D. S. MacColl. Paul Nash should be forcibly evicted from Dymchurch, I feel sure. He has been busy again making geometrical forms from the long stretch of

the Dymchurch sea-wall and the curling waves, while his brother John has done some really illuminating things of the English countryside. This is a case where the Revelation of John is better than the Epistle of Paul.

Thanks to the unexpected behaviour of his late constituency, Lady Mond was able to take her husband with her to India. She had intended spending Christmas with the Viceroy at Rangoon, where the Viceregal party are paying their official visit to Sir Harcourt Butler, the Governor of Burma. Captain Victor Cazalet is also in India now, and was going to pay what might be termed a series of "calls" on various Indian potentates. By the way, his father and mother are now living at 32, Curzon Street—Lord and Lady Reading's town house, which they let furnished while they are in India, and which has already had several different tenants.

February will see one or two important weddings. On the 6th, for instance, there is that of Miss June Chaplin to Mr. Rudolf de Trafford, at which there is bound to be a great crowd, as they are both very popular. Miss June Chaplin has been very busy getting her trousseau together. The wedding of the Hon. Faith Pease and Mr. Beaumont was to have taken place in February, too, but owing to the death of Lord Allendale, there may be some alteration.

How quickly folk move about in these days! One day we were at Lady Weigall's Hour of Music at Lansdowne House, and saw both Mr. Selfridge and his daughter, the Vicomtesse de Sibour, enjoying the really magnificent singing of Melba's débutante pupil, and almost the next day we hear news of them from the Engadine. They are at the Palace Hotel at St. Moritz, where also are the Marchioness of Donegal and her young son, the Marquess, who is an adept at winter sports; the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, Sir Hall Caine, and Prince Cantacuzene.

There was a great collection of Royalties at the concert, by the way, for Queen Victoria's daughters and grand-daughters have a real love of music. Princess Beatrice, Princess Louise, Princess Helena Victoria, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke were in the Royal party, with pretty Lady Alexandra Curzon, who is a favourite dancing partner of the Princes, along with them. She was looking very attractive, and wearing, as almost every other woman present was doing, a long black, fur-collared coat wrapped tightly round her.

There were child programme-sellers behaving with such demureness that I was really relieved to come across three of them later in a quiet corridor sliding on the polished floor, little Lady Pamela Smith and Priscilla Weigall proving quite expert.

If you had any empty moments recently—which, of course, you hadn't—you might have played the game of deciding which house party would be the most amusing one to join. Personally, I think the York Cottage one would take a good deal of beating, now that it includes so many lively young folk.

Lady Astor, too, had a very youthful gathering at Cliveden.

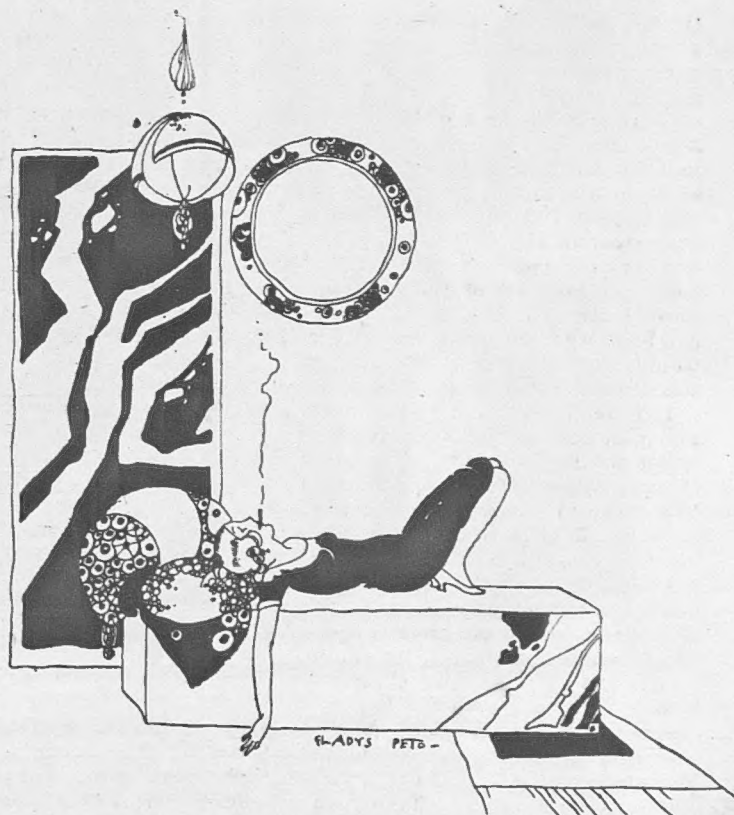
We fill any moments which might otherwise be empty with discussions as to the merits or demerits of "Antic Hay" or with naming the portraits in Shane Leslie's very interesting "Doomsland"—a book in which you will meet every Irish man and woman of note during the last two generations.

And, of course, we talk about Gladys Cooper's Peter Pan. A really interesting performance—the most truthfully *little-boyish* Peter that ever was. She has given him new clothes, too. Instead of the brown tights which made the former Peters look like a principal boy, tried they never so hard to be a sentimental Barrieish fairy, he now wears green "shorts" and tunic, and has bare, sunburnt legs—so good a get-up that I am sure she has remembered to make a scratch on her knee. I saw Master John Buckmaster in the theatre watching his mother's Peter most intently, and looking quite absurdly like her.

Prince Valdemar of Denmark must feel either very harassed or else very happy; it all depends whether he has democratic tendencies or not. Anyway, his sons appear to have. For first Prince Erik announces his intention of marrying Miss Lois Booth, grand-daughter of the Canadian Lumber King, at Ottawa, in the spring; and now we have his younger brother, Prince Viggo, engaged to Miss Green, of New York. Whether the Princes will have to give up their titles or not seems uncertain. Prince Erik declares that he has not forfeited his title of prince, and, on his marriage, will call himself Count Rosenborg as well, but that he will have to renounce his claims to the throne of Denmark.

The British National Opera Company starts its season at Covent Garden on the 7th, and, with the best will in the world to wish them good luck, one cannot help feeling that their programme is somewhat a depressing one. It is true they are producing "Pelléas and Mélisande" in English, with Miss Maggie Teyte in the part of Mélisande; but, on the whole, the list of operas to be given is not particularly thrilling. However, they doubtless know what their public likes.

MARIEGOLD.



4. . . . And returns to modern ease and comfort.

In the Country and Back to Their Country.



The "Majestic" arrives at Southampton. Dame Clara Butt & Mr. Kennerley Rumford are met by their son.



At the Horsham & District Gun League Spaniel Field Trials: Mrs. Hone Little, Miss Audrey and Mrs. Coningham.



At the Horsham & District Gun League Spaniel Field Trials: Lt. Com. Egerton, Lady Hermione Buller, & Mr. Edmonston.



With the Old Surrey & Burstow Foxhounds: Miss Welby & a friend.



Clouds Coursing Club Meet at East Knoyle: Mrs. & Miss Lambie.



At a meet of the Buccleuch Hunt: The Countess of Haddington & her sister, Miss Cook.

SPORT, AND A SAFE RETURN: NEW SNAPSHOTS OF "WELL-KNOWNs."

Lady Hermione Buller is the wife of Rear-Admiral Henry Tritton Buller, C.B., and the only daughter of the seventeenth Earl of Moray.—Lieutenant-Commander Hugh Sidney Egerton is Master of the East Sussex Foxhounds, and a J.P.—The Countess of Haddington, who was

married a short time ago, is a Canadian, and the sister of the Countess of Minto. Miss Cook is her sister.—Dame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford returned to England the other day after a trip to the United States.

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At Home Photographs of an Author and Her Favourites.



EXERCISING IDA AND THORA:
LADY KITTY VINCENT.

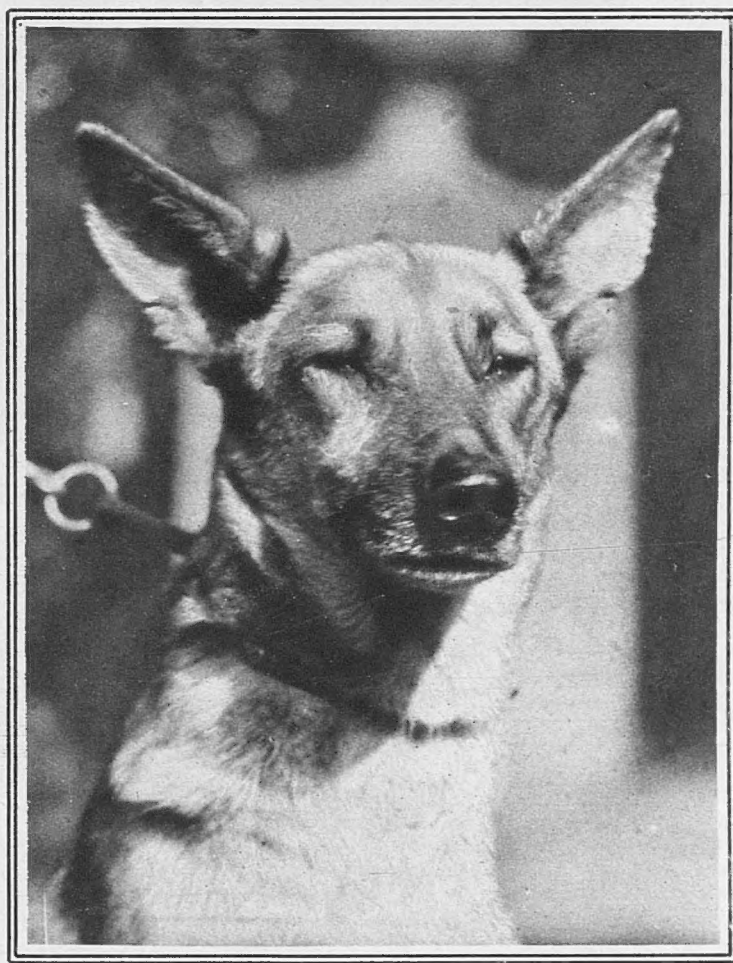


THE PROGENY OF A DOGGY "FILM STAR": TIM, EDWARD,
AND FATTY ARBUCKLE.



WITH IDA AND HER PUPS: LADY KITTY VINCENT.

Lady Kitty Vincent is the eldest of the three sisters of the seventh (de facto) and eleventh (but for the attainder) Earl of Airlie, and is the wife of Colonel Berkeley Vincent, C.B., C.M.G. Lady Kitty is a very interesting personality, and writes both fiction and articles of general interest, and is very fond of animals. She has some magnificent Alsations,



POLICE-TRAINED AND THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF FLORA BERKEMEYER: IDA.

with whom she is shown in our photographs. Ida, who is a police-trained wolfhound, is the granddaughter of one of the most famous bitches in Germany—Flora Berkemeyer. Her pups are by Rigo of Wolfsmoor—a well-trained police dog, seen in many films. Our photographs of Lady Kitty Vincent were taken in the garden of her house in Maida Vale.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P.I.C., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



The Clubman. By Beveren.

Club Tips. It is quite true that at many, I would say most, of the West End clubs the individual donations to the servants' Christmas fund are less than usual. And it is true also that the decrease can be traced to the growing habit of tipping as in the restaurants.

From a club point of view it is a pernicious habit, even when it is done on rare occasions and surreptitiously as a reward for some extra piece of service by a club waiter. It is bad because it strikes at the whole conception of West End club life. But nowadays there are many members of clubs who certainly are not West End clubmen of the pre-war type. They got accustomed in the restaurants to getting well-placed tables and good service by paying for it in tips above the normal. They have extended the habit to their clubs, particularly to the clubs where many visitors are entertained.

And, naturally, men who frequently hand out odd half-crowns through the year are restricting the size of their lump sum at Christmas. Which explains why there were more two-guinea and three-guinea donations this Christmas than the classic fivers of years gone by.

Conan Doyle's First Client.

Sir A. Conan Doyle seems to be becoming more and more devoted to Spiritualism. He is the type of man whose personal sincerity cannot be questioned. And no one doubts the robustness of his general outlook. Conan Doyle started life as a medical practitioner at Portsmouth. The monotony of waiting for clients in those early days was relieved in a very unusual way. The Doctor was walking near his house one evening when he came upon a powerful-looking navvy beating his wife. The Doctor remonstrated with him. The only result was that the man, with a tremendous oath, began attacking the future biographer of "Sherlock Holmes." He was no match, however, for the tall, athletic Doctor, and after a few heavy blows on either side the navvy slunk away.

Next morning the man was shown into Conan Doyle's surgery. Conan Doyle recognised him as his antagonist of the night before. The navvy, not knowing him again, explained that he had sprained his wrist. "Had a drop too much last night, Doctor; got into a row with the Missus, and some big bloke interfered."

Conan Doyle bandaged the wrist, good-humouredly advised the man not to get

drunk and quarrel with his wife again, and then refused to accept any fee for attendance.

This, I am told, was almost the first, if not the first, client Conan Doyle had in the early professional days.

"How Would You Like to Be Me?"

Most of the candidates, both defeated and victorious, have been back to London since the great Decision. The clubs have been full of "whys" and "wherefores"; and I heard one rejected Lancashire candidate tell how chance assisted him in getting out of a difficulty.

At one crowded meeting the audience was not over-friendly. During the heckling period an ancient, forbidding-looking man, with a voice of sufficient carrying power to prevent

The roar of laughter drowned any further catechism on the part of the old man, and the candidate was able to guide the discussion into another channel.

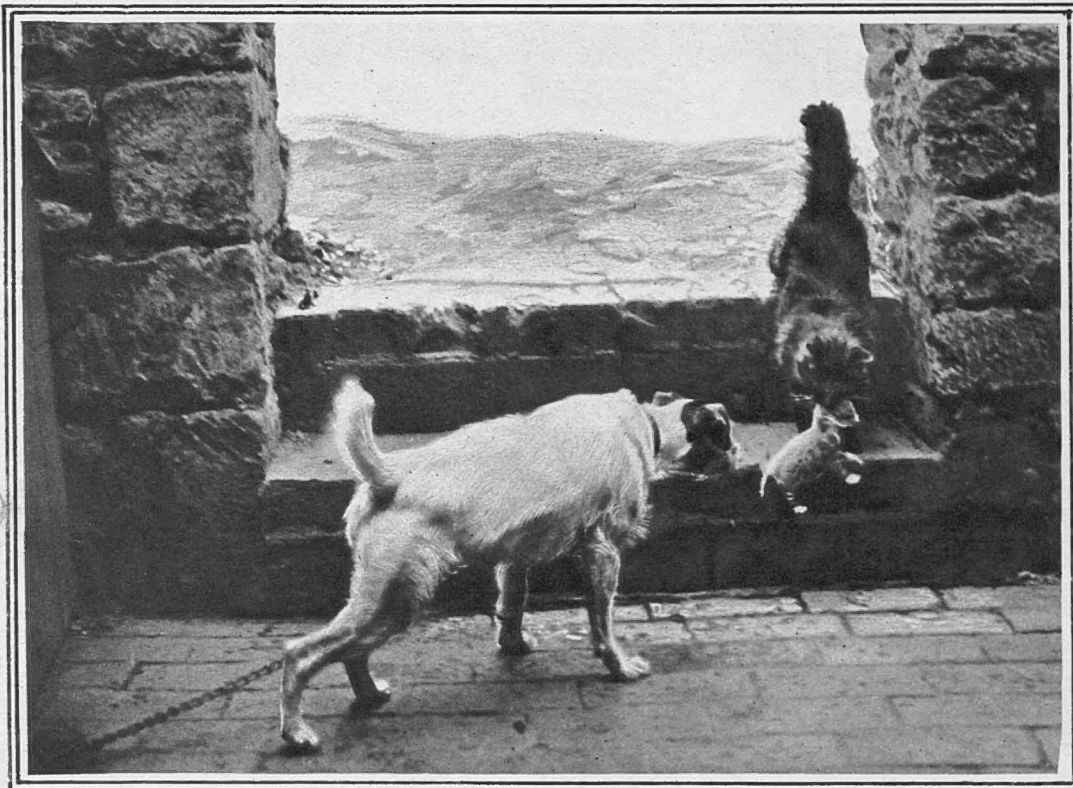
Raquel Meller on the Films.

Raquel Meller, the Spanish music-hall singer who for two years now has provided the Paris variety theatres with one of their most paying turns, is coming over to London again—not to fulfil an engagement, but to be present at the first performance of a film which the experts say proves Raquel Meller to be one of the world's greatest film actresses.

She has moulded her art to conform to this medium of expression, and has not been satisfied to employ the technique of the theatre for the screen.

When she came to London and performed at the Hippodrome she had up till then been

used only to small, intimate theatres. The environment of the Hippodrome was not a happy one for her; and although the Press and the discriminating public were in no doubt as to her unusual abilities, the engagement was hardly a success. But time has given her a sureness of touch and command of her resources which have intensified her hold on large audiences and on audiences of mixed intelligence and nationality. In the opinion of many people Raquel Meller is to-day among the world's greatest dramatic artists, although her medium happens to be the song, and her frame the music-hall. Raquel Meller was trained in the legitimate drama before taking to the music-hall. In her earliest days she played in



TROUBLE OVER THE KITTEN! THE DOMESTIC TOUCH IN A CAT-AND-DOG LIFE.

This snapshot makes an excellent pair to the photograph reproduced on our facing page, under the title of "Cat-and-Dog Life." It will be seen that in this picture a little domestic difficulty has arisen over the kitten, which is being taken home by pussy out of the way of the terrier.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

anyone else being heard, said he would like to ask the candidate a few questions.

"How would you like to be me?" he asked. "I have to work hard all day long, and only earn thirty-three shillings a week. How would you like to do that?"

The candidate admitted he would not like it.

"And how would you like to be me?" went on the questioner. "I live in a tumble-down cottage, the rain comes through, and the landlord won't do anything. How, I say, would you like to be me?"

The candidate again admitted that he would not like to live in that way, and began to feel anxious, wondering into what trap the series of questions was likely to lead him.

"How would you like to live in that cottage?" repeated the persevering questioner. But at that moment an impatient voice from the back sounded with, "And you wouldn't like to live with his Missus either, guv'nor!"

a repertoire company and tried such diverse rôles as the Merry Widow and the Second Mrs. Tanqueray. In the film which is shortly to be presented in London she appears as a violet-seller in the streets of Seville. Through the influence of the Empress Eugénie she becomes a famous singer of the Paris Opera Company. The story is said to be founded on fact.

"Tay Pay." The story of how Mr. T. P. O'Connor came to be christened "T. P."—or rather, "Tay Pay"—is amusing. Mr. O'Connor has always been a rattling debater. One night in the House of Commons—I am speaking of the early 'eighties—Mr. O'Connor was more than usually fiery and effective. When he sat down a fellow-countryman in the Strangers' Gallery, carried away by his feelings, and unrestrained by the presence of Mr. Speaker in the Chair, or even by the spectacle of the Mace on the table, shouted out, "Bravo, Tay Pay! Sure it's you that's the gran' man!"

The Truth of the Proverb is in the Picture!



"CAT-AND-DOG LIFE": A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. LACEY.

This very entertaining photograph by C. Lacey was exhibited at the Sixty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain last year, and is a most truthful picture

of what the proverb "a cat-and-dog life" really means! Pussy, it will be seen, is only teasing, though, and is not half so shrewish as her enemies would have us believe!

From the Photograph by C. Lacey.

Three Pairs :
A Sextet of Sisters.



MISS ISOBEL ATHERLEY.



MISS MARY LANE-FOX.



THE HON. ALISON RUTHVEN.



MISS MYRTLE ATHERLEY.



MISS MARCIA LANE-FOX.



THE HON. MARGARET RUTHVEN.

Our sextet of portraits shows three pairs of sisters. Miss Isobel and Miss Myrtle Atherley are the daughters of Mrs. Albemarle Cator and of the late Mr. Arthur Atherley. Their stepfather is Colonel A. Cator, C.B., D.S.O., Scots Guards.—Miss Mary and Miss Marcia Lane-Fox are two of the daughters of Mr. George Richard Lane-Fox and of the Hon. Mrs. Lane-Fox, and grand-daughters of

[Continued below.]

the second Viscount Halifax.—The Hon. Margaret and the Hon. Alison Ruthven are the twin daughters of Major-General Lord Ruthven, C.B., C.M.G.,

D.S.O., and of Lady Ruthven, and are sisters of the Countess of Carlisle. Lord Ruthven has one other unmarried daughter, the Hon. Jean Ruthven.

Photographs by Bassano and Bertram Park.

Descendants of a Favourite Courtier of Queen Bess.



WITH THE HON.
CHARLES, THE HON.
RICHARD, AND THE
HON. JOHN GREVILLE:
LADY BROOKE.

Lady Brooke is the wife of Brigadier-General Lord Brooke, C.M.G., M.V.O., the elder son of the fifth Earl of Warwick, and of the Countess of Warwick, Labour candidate at the last Election. Lady Brooke is the daughter of Sir William Eden, seventh Baronet, and

[Continued opposite.]



[Continued.]

has three sons—the Hon. Charles Guy Fulke Greville, born in 1911; the Hon. Richard Francis Maynard Greville, born in 1913; and the Hon. John Ambrose Henry Greville, born in 1918. The family of Greville is descended from Sir Fulke Greville, a favourite courtier of Queen Elizabeth, who was created Baron Brooke in 1621. The Earldom of Warwick dates from 1759.

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. I.—THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

ENGLAND once more! An indescribable wave of emotion swept over me as I watched the white chalk cliffs of Dover coming nearer and nearer. It was a year and a half since I had left England to try my fortunes on a ranch in the Argentine. I had prospered there, and my wife and I both enjoyed the free-and-easy life of the South American Continent. Nevertheless, it was with a lump in the throat that I approached the shores of my native land once more.

I had landed in France two days before, transacted some necessary business, and was now *en route* for London. I should be there some months—time enough to look up old friends, and one old friend in particular. A little man with an egg-shaped head and green eyes—Hercule Poirot! I proposed to take him completely by surprise. My last letter from the Argentine had given no hint of my intended voyage—indeed, that had been decided upon hurriedly as a result of certain business complications—and I spent many amused moments picturing to myself his delight and stupefaction on beholding me.

He, I knew, was not likely to be far from his headquarters. He aimed more and more, as time went on, at being considered a "consulting detective"—as much a specialist as a Harley Street physician. No, there was little fear of finding Hercule Poirot far afield.

On arrival in London, I deposited my luggage at a hotel and drove straight on to the old address. What poignant memories it brought back to me! I hardly waited to greet my old landlady, but hurried up the stairs two at a time and rapped on Poirot's door.

"Enter, then," cried a familiar voice from within.

I strode in. Poirot stood facing me. In his arms he carried a small valise which he dropped with a crash on beholding me!

"*Mon ami Hastings!*" he cried. "*Mon ami Hastings!*"

And, rushing forwards, he enveloped me in a capacious embrace. Our conversation was incoherent and inconsequent. Ejaculations, eager questions, incomplete answers, messages from my wife, explanations as to my journey, were all jumbled up together.

"I suppose there's someone in my old rooms?" I asked at last, when we had calmed down somewhat. "I'd love to put up here again with you."

Poirot's face changed with startling suddenness.

"*Mon Dieu!* but what a *chance épouvantable*. Regard around you, my friend."

For the first time I took note of my surroundings. Against the wall stood a vast ark of a trunk of prehistoric design. Near to it were placed a number of suit-cases, ranged neatly in order of size from large to small. The inference was unmistakable.

"You are going away?"

"Yes."

"Where to?"

"South America."

"What?"

"Yes, it is a droll farce, is it not? It is to Rio I go, and every day I say to myself, I will write nothing in my letters—but oh!

the surprise of the good Hastings when he beholds me!"

"But—but when are you going?"

Poirot looked at his watch.

"In an hour's time."

"I thought you always said nothing would induce you to make a long sea voyage?"

Poirot closed his eyes and shuddered.

"Speak not of it to me, my friend. My doctor, he assures me that one dies not of it—and it is for the one time only: you understand that never—never shall I return."

He pushed me into a chair.

"Come, I will tell you how it all came about. Do you know who is the richest man in the world? Richer even than Rockefeller? Abe Ryland."

"The American Soap King?"

"Precisely. One of his secretaries approached me. There is some very considerable, as you would call it, hocus-pocus going on in connection with a big company in Rio. He wished me to investigate matters on the spot. I refused. I told him that if the facts were laid before me, I would give him my expert opinion. But that he professed himself unable to do. I was to be put in possession of the facts only on my arrival out there. Normally, that would have closed the matter. To dictate to Hercule Poirot is sheer impertinence. But the sum offered was so stupendous that for the first and last time in my life I was tempted by mere money. It was a competence—a fortune! And there was a second attraction—you, my friend. For this last year and a half I have been a very lonely old man. I thought to myself, Why not? I am beginning to weary of this unending solving of foolish problems. I have achieved sufficient fame. Let me take this money and settle down somewhere near my old friend."

I was quite affected by this token of Poirot's regard.

"So I accepted," he continued, "and in an hour's time I must leave to catch the boat train. One of life's little ironies, is it not? But I will admit to you, Hastings, that had not the money offered been so big, I might have hesitated, for just lately I have begun a little investigation of my own. Tell me, what is commonly meant by the phrase, 'The Big Four'?"

"I suppose it had its origin at the Versailles Conference, and then there's the famous 'Big Four' in the film world, and the term is used by hosts of smaller fry."

"I see," said Poirot thoughtfully. "I have come across the phrase, you understand, under certain circumstances where none of those explanations would apply. It seems to refer to a gang of international criminals or something of that kind; only—"

"Only what?" I asked, as he hesitated.

"Only that I fancy that it is something on a large scale. Just a little idea of mine, nothing more. Ah, but I must complete my packing. The time advances."

"Don't go," I urged. "Cancel your passage and come out on the same boat with me."

Poirot drew himself up and glanced at me reproachfully.

"Ah, it is that you do not understand! I have passed my word, you comprehend—the

word of Hercule Poirot. Nothing but a matter of life and death could detain me now."

"And that's not likely to occur," I murmured ruefully. "Unless at the eleventh hour the door opens and the unexpected guest comes in."

I quoted the old saw with a slight laugh, and then, in the pause that succeeded it, we both started as a sound came from the inner room.

"What's that?" I cried.

"*Ma foi!*" retorted Poirot. "It sounds very like your 'unexpected guest' in my bed-room."

"But how can anyone be in there? There's no door except into this room."

"Your memory is excellent, Hastings. Now for the deductions."

"The window! But it's a burglar then? He must have had a stiff climb of it—I should say it was almost impossible."

I had risen to my feet and was striding in the direction of the door when the sound of a fumbling at the handle from the other side arrested me.

The door swung slowly open. Framed in the doorway stood a man. He was coated from head to foot with dust and mud; his face was thin and emaciated. He stared at us for a moment, and then swayed and fell. Poirot hurried to his side, then he looked up and spoke to me.

"Brandy—quickly."

I dashed some brandy into a glass and brought it. Poirot managed to administer a little, and together we raised him and carried him to the couch. In a few minutes he opened his eyes and looked round him with an almost vacant glance.

"What is it you want, Monsieur?" said Poirot.

The man opened his lips and spoke in a queer, mechanical voice.

"M. Hercule Poirot, 14, Faraway Street."

"Yes, yes; I am he."

The man did not seem to understand, and merely repeated in exactly the same tone—

"M. Hercule Poirot, 14, Faraway Street."

Poirot tried him with several questions. Sometimes the man did not answer at all; sometimes he repeated the same phrase. Poirot made a sign to me to ring up on the telephone.

"Get Dr. Ridgeway to come round."

The doctor was in, luckily; and as his house was only just round the corner, few minutes elapsed before he came bustling in.

"What's all this, eh?"

Poirot gave a brief explanation, and the doctor started examining our strange visitor, who seemed quite unconscious of his presence or ours.

"H'm!" said Dr. Ridgeway, when he had finished. "Curious case."

"Brain fever?" I suggested.

The doctor immediately snorted with contempt.

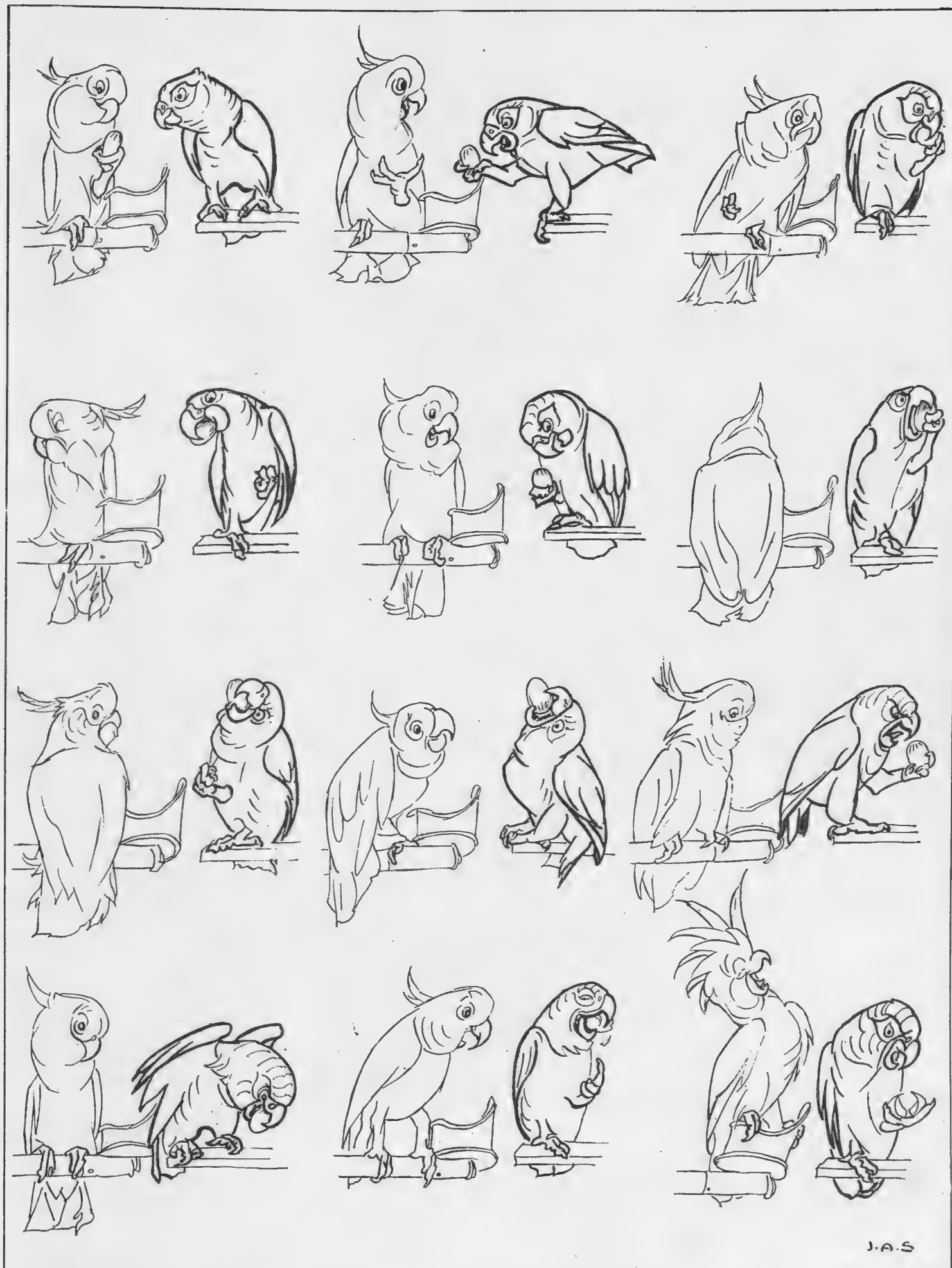
"Brain fever! Brain fever! No such thing as brain fever. An invention of novelists. No; the man's had a shock of some kind. He's come here under the force of a persistent idea—to find M. Hercule Poirot, 14, Faraway Street—and he repeats those

[Continued overleaf.]



HERCULE POIROT.

J. A. S. Cracks a Joke.



J.A.S

THE DUD NUT!

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

Continued.

words mechanically without in the least knowing what they mean."

"Aphasia?" I said eagerly.

This suggestion did not cause the doctor to snort quite as violently as my last one had done. He made no answer, but handed the man a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"Let's see what he'll do with that," he remarked.

The man did nothing with it for some moments, then he suddenly began to write feverishly. With equal suddenness he stopped and let both paper and pencil fall to the ground. The doctor picked it up, and shook his head.

"Nothing here. Only the figure 4 scrawled a dozen times, each one bigger than the last. Wants to write 14, Faraway Street, I expect. It's an interesting case—very interesting. Can you possibly keep him here until this afternoon? I'm due at the hospital now, but I'll come back this afternoon and make all arrangements about him. It's too interesting a case to be lost sight of."

I explained Poirot's departure and the fact that I proposed to accompany him to Southampton.

"That's all right. Leave him here. He won't get into mischief. He's suffering from complete exhaustion. Will probably sleep for eight hours on end. I'll have a word with that excellent Mrs. Funnyface of yours, and tell her to keep an eye on him."

And Dr. Ridgeway bustled out with his usual celerity. Poirot hastily completed his packing with one eye on the clock.

"The time, it marches with a rapidity unbelievable. Come now, Hastings, you cannot say that I have left you with nothing to do. A most sensational problem. The man from the unknown. Who is he? What is he? Ah, *sapristi*, but I would give two years of my life to have this boat go to-morrow instead of to-day. There is something here very curious—very interesting. But one must have time—time. It may be days—or even months—before he will be able to tell us what he came to tell."

"I'll do my best, Poirot," I assured him.

"I'll try and be an efficient substitute."

"Ye-es."

His rejoinder struck me as being a shade doubtful. I picked up the sheet of paper.

"If I were writing a story," I said lightly,

"I should weave this in with your latest idiosyncrasy and call it 'The Mystery of the Big Four.'" I tapped the pencilled figures as I spoke.

And then I started, for our invalid, roused suddenly from his stupor, sat up in his chair and said clearly and distinctly.

"Li Chang Yen."

He had the look of a man suddenly awakened from sleep. Poirot made a sign to me not to speak. The man went on. He spoke in a clear, high voice, and something in his enunciation made me feel that he was quoting from some written report or lecture.

"Li Chang Yen may be regarded as representing the brains of the Big Four. He is the controlling and motive force. I have designated him, therefore, as Number One. Number Two is seldom mentioned by name. He is represented by an 'S' with two lines through it—the sign for a dollar; also by two stripes and a star. It may be conjectured, therefore, that he is an American subject, and that he represents the power of wealth. There seems no doubt that Number Three is a woman, and her nationality French. It is possible that she may be one of the sirens of the *demi-monde*, but nothing is known definitely. Number Four—"

His voice faltered and broke. Poirot leant forward.

"Yes," he prompted eagerly. "Number Four?"

His eyes were fastened on the man's face. Some overmastering terror seemed to be

gaining the day; the features were distorted and twisted.

"The destroyer," gasped the man. Then, with a final convulsed movement, he fell back in a dead faint.

"Mon dieu," whispered Poirot, "I was right then. I was right."

"You think—?"

He interrupted me.

"Carry him on to the bed in my room. I have not a minute to lose if I would catch my train. Not that I want to catch it. Oh that I could miss it with a clear conscience! But I gave my word. Come, Hastings."

Leaving our mysterious visitor in the charge of Mrs. Pearson, we drove away, and duly caught the train by the skin of our teeth. Poirot was alternately silent and loquacious. He would sit staring out of the window like a man lost in a dream, apparently not hearing a word that I said to him. Then, suddenly reverting to animation, he would shower injunctions and commands upon me, and urge the necessity of constant marconigrams.

He had a long fit of silence just after we passed Woking. The train, of course, did not stop anywhere until Southampton; but just here it happened to be held up by a signal.

"Ah! *Sacré mille tonnerres!*" cried Poirot suddenly. "But I have been an imbecile. I see clearly at last. It is undoubtedly the blessed saints who stopped the train. Jump, Hastings, but jump, I tell you."

In an instant he had unfastened the carriage door and jumped out on the line.

"Throw out the suit-cases and jump yourself."

I obeyed him. Just in time. As I alighted beside him, the train moved on. To all my questions and remonstrances Poirot paid no attention whatsoever. Not till we were safely ensconced in a car speeding back to London did he deign to satisfy my curiosity.

"You do not see? No more did I. But I see now. Hastings, I was being got out of the way."

"What?"

"Yes. Very cleverly. Both the place and the method were chosen with great knowledge and acumen. They were afraid of me."

"Who were?"

"Those four geniuses who have banded themselves together to work outside the law. A Chinaman, an American, a Frenchwoman, and—another. Pray the good God we arrive back in time, Hastings."

"You think there is danger to our visitor?"

"I am sure of it."

Mrs. Pearson greeted us on arrival. Brushing aside her ecstasies of astonishment on beholding Poirot, we asked for information. It was reassuring. No one had called, and our guest had not made any sign.

With a sigh of relief we went up to the rooms. Poirot crossed the outer one and went through to the inner one. Then he called me, his voice strangely agitated.

"Hastings, he's dead."

I came running to join him. The man was lying as we had left him, but he was dead, and had been dead some time. I rushed out for a doctor. Ridgeway, I knew, would not have returned yet. I found one almost immediately, and brought him back with me.

"He's dead right enough, poor chap. Tramp you've been befriending, eh?"

"Something of the kind," said Poirot evasively. "What was the cause of death, doctor?"

"Hard to say. Might have been some kind of fit. There are signs of asphyxiation. No gas laid on, is there?"

"No, electric light—nothing else."

"And both windows wide open, too. Been dead about two hours, I should say. You'll notify the proper people, won't you?"

He took his departure. Poirot did some necessary telephoning. Finally, somewhat to my surprise, he rang up our old friend Inspector Japp, and asked him if he could possibly come round.

No sooner were these proceedings completed than Mrs. Pearson appeared, her eyes as round as saucers.

"There's a man here from 'Anwell—from the 'Sylum. Did you ever? Shall I show him up?"

We signified assent, and a big, burly man in uniform was ushered in.

"Morning, gentlemen," he said cheerily. "I've got reason to believe you've got one of my birds here. Escaped last night, he did."

"He was here," said Poirot quietly.

"Not got away again, has he?" asked the keeper, with some concern.

"He is dead."

The man looked more relieved than otherwise.

"You don't say so. Well, I daresay it's best for all parties."

"Was he—dangerous?"

"Omicidal, d'you mean? Oh, no. 'Armless enough. Persecution mania very acute. Full of secret societies from China that had got him shut up. They're all the same."

I shuddered.

"How long had he been—shut up?" asked Poirot.

"A matter of two years now."

"I see," said Poirot quietly. "It never occurred to anybody that he might—be sane?"

The keeper permitted himself to laugh.

"If he was sane, what would he be doing in a lunatic asylum? They all say they're sane, you know."

Poirot said no more. He took the man in to see the body. He identified it immediately—"That's 'im, right enough"—and then went off to "make arrangements under the circumstances," as he put it.

Japp arrived almost immediately after his departure.

"Here I am, Mosior Poirot. What can I do for you? Thought you were off to the coral strands of somewhere or other to-day?"

"My good Japp, I want to know if you have ever seen this man before."

He led Japp into the bed-room. The inspector stared down at the figure on the bed with a puzzled face.

"Let me see now—he seems sort of familiar—and I pride myself on my memory, too. Why, God bless my soul, it's Mayerling!"

"And who is—or was—Mayerling?"

"Secret Service chap—not one of our people. Went to Russia five years ago. Never heard of again. Always thought the Bolshies had done him in."

"It all fits in," said Poirot, when Japp had taken his leave, "except for the fact that he seems to have died a natural death."

He stood looking down on the motionless figure with a dissatisfied frown. A puff of wind set the window-curtains flying out, and he looked up sharply.

"I suppose you opened the windows when you laid him down on the bed, Hastings?"

"No, I didn't," I replied. "As far as I remember, they were shut."

Poirot lifted his head suddenly.

"Shut—and now they are open. What can that mean?"

"Somebody came in that way," I suggested.

"Possibly, since we know that this poor fellow managed it; but that is not the point. Why both windows?"

He hurried into the other room.

[Continued on page x.]

Bonzo's Latest: This Week's Studdy.



BONZO THE PEACE-MAKER.

Bonzo stops a fight and gets it in the neck!

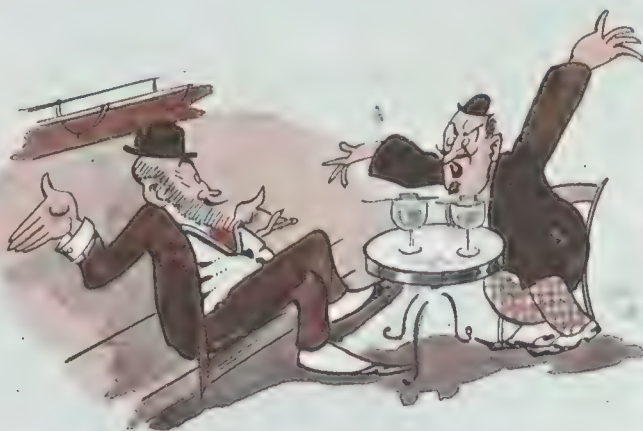
SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The best of all the Bonzo Books—"BONZO'S STAR TURNS"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.

Every Man His Own "Gout."



Whisky.



Absinthe



Vodka



Beer



Water Cocktail (?)



Champagne.

DRINKS AND THEIR DRINKERS.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

A Leaf from an Artist's Sketch-Book.



A DREAM'S REALITY.

FROM THE DRAWING BY E. H. SHEPARD.

THE POMPADOUR PERIOD



ANNA MARIE.

A FAIRY TALE WITH A LOUIS XV. SETTING: "THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA"

The delightful sophistication and the elegant cynicism of the eighteenth century in France have inspired many artists and dramatists, and Londoners now have the opportunity of seeing a comic-opera presentation of the Court of Louis XV. in "Madame Pompadour," at Daly's. Our pages show three beautiful examples of Gerhard Henning's figures, produced by the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, which mirror the Pompadour period in delicate china. The fairy tale of "The Princess and the Pea" will be remembered as the story of how the prince could only marry a real

From the figures by Gerhard Henning. By courtesy of

RIOD IN PORCELAIN.



PRINCESS AND THE PEA."

FAUN AND NYMPH.

princess, and the genuineness of prospective wives was tested by placing a pea under their many feather mattresses and eiderdowns. Girls of low birth slept soundly on the bed; but when the real princess with her delicate skin, was asked to do so, she came down next morning black and blue with bruises! This delicately satiric story is quite in accordance with eighteenth-century thought, and is therefore particularly suitable for inclusion in a group of Pompadour Period porcelain.

the Danish Art Galleries, 2, Old Bond Street, W.

Loveliness from "the Other Side."



ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES: MISS ADELE GORDON.

Miss Adèle Gordon is one of the most beautiful stage favourites of the United States, and is here posed in an attitude of dainty reproachfulness.

It would have to be a very hard-hearted person who would not give way to her slightest wish, if only she looked at him like this!

Loveliness from "the Other Side."



A DIVINELY FAIR FAVOURITE FROM AMERICA: MISS EDEN GRAY.

Miss Eden Gray is a very typical stage beauty from America, with her wonderful colouring and exquisite blonde hair. Our photograph

shows her posed so that the loveliness of her hands and arms may be appreciated as well as the charm of her face.

Our Greatest Jockey – by a Great Portrait Painter.



STEVE DONOGHUE : BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

Donoghue, whose record includes the feat of riding the Derby winner for three years in succession, was bracketed first with

Elliott for the Jockey Championship on the Flat, 1923, with the total of 89 winners each. He is riding in India this winter.

From the Portrait by Sir John Lavery, exhibited at the Goupil Galleries. By permission of the artist. Copyright reserved.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY *for* ALL ARTISTS

THE SKETCH OFFERS £100 for a Simple Poster Design



LAST year we offered the same prize—namely, £100—for a design for the permanent cover of THE SKETCH, an offer which met with an extraordinary response. We now appeal to all artists to submit a poster suitable for exhibition on hoardings or railway bookstalls.

The designs submitted should be suitable for reproduction in two colours; as is the design on the cover of this and other issues of THE SKETCH.

Remember: the designs can be drawn any size; they need not be of poster size.

Also, the designs need not contain any wording; nor need they necessarily have the present cover design incorporated in them—that is, it is not essential that our little lady with the figurines should be represented. It is essential, however, that the poster shall suggest the policy of THE SKETCH—that is, the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.

We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

1. Any artist may send in any number of designs.
2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2—by not later than the first post on February 27, 1924.
3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of *The Sketch*.

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss or damage to any design submitted.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE ROSE AND THE RING," AT WYNDHAM'S.

THACKERAY discovered Paphlagonia long before Ruritania was thought of; and never was there a kingdom more comic, a princess more lovable, and a doughty Prince Giglis more valiant, for did he not defeat a huge army with his own story?

It is a weird and wonderful story, all the more attractive because the grotesque is charmingly interwoven with the magic of the rose and the ring, that vouchsafed beauty to their wearers, or took it from them when they disregarded or wantonly misused the fairy gift.

With delicate feelings, the adaptor, Mr. Harry Deans, has left most of the master's fantasy untouched, but he has gently introduced the spirit of modernity in Jones and Smith, Giglis's friends, the golfers who became generals and in their mind's eye fought a gory battle from a safe corner. With the archaic tunes of fairyland jingling in his ear, the composer, Mr. Robert Cox, has set the lyrics of Mr. Desmond Carter to music gay and light, with a haunting *leit-motif* caressingly following the action whenever love was in the air.

With juvenile eyes, Mr. Aubrey Hammond, the designer, has built castles, forests, dungeons, that seemed to arise from a play-box of exquisite toys, and has arranged his figures in brilliant colouring and grotesque patterns in delightful harmony with the author's mockery of kings and princes and courtiers in a realm where laughter reigns supreme, and even the pomp and circumstance of an execution excites merriment instead of awe.

Rarely has a fairy-tale been produced in such unison of spirit. Here was the ideal pantomime, written with grace, pleasing to the eye, and acted with zest by all concerned. In Miss Rose Hignell, the ideal princess has been found. She is as dainty as a Watteau figure, she sings with feeling and a well-trained voice, she acts just with that touch of bashfulness that makes for winsomeness. Were I a manager of musical comedy, I should snap her up at once. Capital, too, were the two princes—the romantic Giglis of Mr. Charles Lascelles, and the comic one of Mr. Miles Malleon. The latter was a kindly Bombastes Furioso, as brave as a lion and as meek as a lamb. As the rival kings we had Mr. Frank Arlton, Toole's nephew, and in his quiet, amusing way somewhat reminiscent of his illustrious uncle; and Mr. J. Leslie Frith, a real humorist who commands laughter without much effort. He can sing a comic song, too, with point and nimble feet to match. Needless to say that the amorous Countess of ripe vintage, who had an awful nose when she lost the beautifying rose, found a splendid representative in Miss Margaret Yarde, with her air of a great lady and her occasional lapses into the temper of a termagant; she was a fearful and wonderful match when wooed or wooing. But everybody on the stage was as happy as the children in front, who laughed or shrieked according to their age and sense of decorum. It was a jolly business from beginning to end, and if there are a few good boys and girls about who deserve a treat, here is one that will make their little hearts jump with joy.

II.

THE ETLINGER ACTING ACADEMY.

FOR me it is always a pleasure to watch the coming generation graduating in their theatrical studies; and in the Florence Etlinger Theatre School,

on the occasion of the one hundred and tenth Subscribers' Performance, I reflected that it is only by solid effort under efficient guidance that true talent can be fostered on the right lines. Actors are made as well as born. The instinct for the theatre is a *sine qua non*, but to this natural aptitude must be brought the discipline and experience of training.



THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE WELL-KNOWN ACTOR WHOSE PRODUCTION OF "THE WINDMILL MAN" IS A CHRISTMAS ATTRACTION: MRS. BERT COOTE AND MISS PEGGY COOTE.

Photograph by Claude Harris.

Youth is full of enthusiasm, and this ardent band of girls gave their friends a most interesting and varied entertainment. Greek and Shakespearian drama



AS THE MAD GARDENER IN "THE WINDMILL MAN": MR. BERT COOTE.

Mr. Bert Coote's production of "The Windmill Man"—matinées only—is the Christmas attraction at the Victoria Palace.

and a neat, amusing modern playlet spanned the compass, while operatic and musical-comedy items and graceful Hellenic Euplastics found a space to reveal the comprehensiveness of the education.

I was pleased with the elocution. Too often have I heard the glorious blank verse of Shakespeare butchered not to stress the importance of speech training. Apart from a tendency on the part of one or two of the students to whisper so that we could not hear, there was a praiseworthy excellence in their enunciation, and care for the rhythms of poetry. The

"Hamlet" scene reflected the greatest credit on Miss Kate Rorke; and equally are Mr. Ben Webster and Miss Janet Duff to be congratulated on their students' excellent presentation of a scene from Euripides. The gesticulation was governed—so often it runs amok; and at least one girl, Miss Edith Edwards as the Nurse, showed unusual promise.

The singing and dancing were both appreciated, and the Hellenic Euplastics under the direction of Miss Janet Duff, so graceful in poise, so rhythmic in movement, are educationally of the truest value. I carried away one clear impression. Dame May Whitty and her colleagues are doing splendid work, and happy and fortunate are the students in the Florence Etlinger School.

III.

MILLS' OLYMPIA CIRCUS.

THERE they were again—Bertram Mills, the circus pioneer who peregrinates worlds to catch a new turn; the Lord Mayor and his Court; aye, even Lord Curzon to add State homage to Civic

dignity. And punctually at 2.30, after a sumptuous luncheon and post-prandial speeches in which "No cruelty to performing animals" was the answer to those who still believe that there is no training without unkindness, the company filed into the circus and the real feast began.

This year more than ever the horses were in the majority, and that is as it should be. The armless man who does wonders with his feet, so that at last you begin to doubt "which is which"; the twenty dusky Mogadors forming towering pyramids with live limbs and bodies; the clowns as gay as ever in their jests, with a camera that at length explodes the sitter—they were all a wonderful crew of variety artists; but the horses are the thing of joy and beauty. And never has there been such a fine display of flesh and training as in this programme under Ernest Schumann's direction. He is indeed a master-mind of his craft; his four-footed army, sometimes twenty in a batch, love, honour, and obey him. No need of whip, no need of spur, when on Emperor he dances waltz and jazz; nothing more than a word of command in under-tone or a crack in the air sets his twelve stallions in motion, rising even to the poetic musical refrain of "Yes, we have no bananas." These gee-gees seem to understand all languages as well as the secrets of arithmetic, for each one knows his number, each knows when to gallop and when to lounge, or all of a sudden to seek a partner in dulcet tempo of waltz. It is a marvellous vision, this docile following of twenty-gigantic high-steppers to a gentle hint of their master. And lest there be suspicion of constraint by a "hidden hand," let me tell you frankly that there is. Yet it is not what the opposition thinks—but the little bit of sugar for the bird that lines the trainer's pocket. He knows that beasts, like men, appreciate "cheerio" in word and kind in return for good work. So whenever Mr. Schumann is pleased with his disciples, into his pocket goes his hand, an eager pair of eyes follows, and then comes the gleam of sugar and that cosy smack of happiness which gladdens all lovers of animals—and is the order of the day at Mills's Olympia Circus.

The Man Without Desire.



AS COUNT VITTORIO AND LEONORA: MR. IVOR NOVELLO AND MISS NINA VANNA.

The new Novello-Atlas Renters' film, "The Man Without Desire," which will be seen in London at the New Tivoli some time this year, as a successor to the very successful "Scaramouche," is an extremely interesting production. The argument of the drama is as follows. Count Vittorio, who lived in Venice in 1723, submits to an experiment

on the part of an English scientist, as he no longer cares what becomes of him since his loved Leonora has been murdered by her husband. He sleeps for 200 years, and wakes to meet Leonora's descendant, who closely resembles her; but his long repose in the tomb has robbed him of desire.

Feathered by the Eagle: The Noble Savage.



A FAMOUS FILM ACTOR IN A WONDERFUL REDSKIN MAKE-UP: MR. RODOLPH VALENTINO.

Mr. Rodolph Valentino is the famous screen star whose wonderful emotional acting was so important an attraction in the super-films, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Blood and Sand," and

"The Sheik." Mr. Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, paid a visit to England last year, and were received with the greatest enthusiasm by their many admirers.

Photograph by Abbé.

Feathered by Her Fan: The Noble Savage's Wife.



IN PRIVATE LIFE, MRS. RODOLPH VALENTINO: NATACHA RAMBOVA.

Mrs. Rodolph Valentino, the beautiful young wife of Mr. Rodolph Valentino, is herself a screen personality of note, as she is art director of Nazimova. Her professional name is Natacha Rambova, and, although

she is American by birth, she was educated in England, and is very English in her tastes. She recently went to Italy and France with her husband, and is now in America.

Photograph by Abby.

Opera at Covent Garden: Mélisande Naturally "Set."



BESIDE THE FATEFUL POOL—IN HER OWN GARDEN: MISS MAGGIE TEYTE AS MÉLISANDE.



SINGING IN DEBUSSY'S "PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE," AT COVENT GARDEN:
MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.



THE HEROINE OF 'THE MAETERLINCK-DEBUSSY OPERA':
THE BRITISH PRIMA-DONNA, MISS TEYTE.

The return of Grand Opera to Covent Garden is one of the theatrical events of this month, for the British National Opera Company open their season on January 7. "Pelléas et Mélisande" will be given for the first time in London in English. Miss Teyte is one of the most famous of British-born prima-donnas, and Mélisande is one of her

most famous rôles. 'It was in this part that she made her first appearance in Paris, at the Opéra Comique, in May 1908. Our photographs of Miss Teyte as Mélisande are especially interesting, as they were taken in the garden of her own house; but the natural setting gives the effect of the stage décor for Mélisande very ingeniously.

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier.

The Wilton Meet at the Joint Master's Seat.



AT THE MEET AT SANDLE: THE HON. ALEXANDER MONEY-COUTTS.



THE FIFTH DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF NORMANTON: LADY ROSEMARY AGAR.

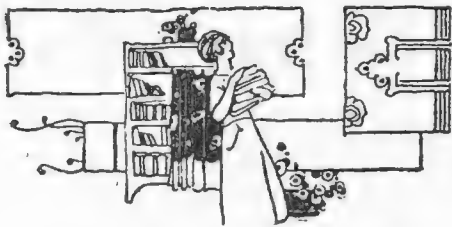


THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD LATYMER:
THE HON. MERCY MONEY-COUTTS.



WITH HER SISTER, COMTESSE DE MAUNY TALVANDÉ:
THE COUNTESS OF NORMANTON.

Our photographs show a recent meet of the Wilton at Sandle Manor, Fordingbridge, Hants, the seat of the sixth Lord Latymer, Joint Master of the pack with Lieutenant-Colonel A. French Blake. The Hon Alexander Money-Coutts is the second of Lord Latymer's three sons, and was born in 1902; and the Hon. Mercy Money-Coutts is his sister, and was born in 1910. Lady Rosemary Agar is the fifth of the seven daughters of the Earl and Countess of Normanton, and was born in 1908. Lady Normanton was formerly Lady Amy Byng, and is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Strafford.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

The East Still a-Callin'.

England has certainly discovered the East. Play after play takes the stage, book after book comes from the press, and still the public cannot hear enough and see enough of the East. Our greatest actors and actresses may visit the provinces and exert all their powers to charm and beguile the public; let two camels "positively appear" at the rival house and the legitimate drama can barely pay for gas.

A young friend of mine happened to be appearing in a "straight play" in a certain northern town. At the opposition theatre was an Eastern show, and the camels engaged used to walk round the town all the morning and afternoon. My young friend had an acquaintance in the Eastern show, and they twain met one morning in the market-place.

"How are you doing?" asked the Eastern gentleman.

"Oh, fairish. Mustn't grumble. Times are bad all round."

"Not with us, old boy. We're turning people away every show."

"Oh, yes, old man; I daresay. But ours is a play—not a blinkin' circus."

They parted. The camels were coming.

It isn't only camels, of course. It is the "glamour" of the East. The Westerner is tired of houses with roofs to them, and men in trousers, and women in skirts. He finds solace, and satisfaction, for his soul, gazing at scenes and pictures of roofless houses, men in skirts, and women in trousers.

And he never wearies of hearing that "the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer." The bell of his own village steeple leaves him quite unmoved; if he lives in a city, the cathedral chimes merely rouse him to great anger against the local licensing laws. But let him get into a theatre, and see the muezzin come out on the minaret and call the faithful to prayer, and his eyes fill with tears and his bosom with religious ecstasy. He is quite sure that had he only been born a Mohammedan he would have been the first to answer the voice from the minaret. I advise some of our parsons who cannot fill their churches to think out something on the same lines. There is no particular reason why the verger shouldn't appear on the steeple and announce, reverently, that service is about to commence.

"A Vision of Morocco."

The latest sumptuous book to find its way to my table is called "A Vision of Morocco," and the author is Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor, whose godfathers and godmother ensured his getting the V.C. by giving it to him in baptism. Mr. Scott O'Connor has written a good deal about the East, so he is in luck. One of his authoritative books was called "The Silken East," which sounds full of lure, and another is "The Charm of Kashmir." I mention these so that you may be quite certain you are getting the right stuff about Morocco.

The pictures themselves are worth the mere twenty-five shillings asked for the volume. There is one entitled, "Travellers in the Sand."

The picture is practically all sand. There is a strip of sky at the top, to show you where the light comes from, and then about an inch down the sand begins, and keeps right on to the bottom of the picture. The Walrus and the Carpenter knew nothing whatever about sand. If they wept at Whitstable, what in the world would they have done in Morocco? The mind boggles at the notion. A million maids with a million mops would have made no difference at all to this desert.

I was nearly forgetting the travellers. There are travellers, otherwise the picture would not have been entitled "Travellers in the Sand." If you peer hard you will find

muezzin calls, but the Friday prayer is a different matter. This is a State function.

"It lacks one hour to the Sultan's coming, and I wait here," writes the author, "in this deadly monotony in the trafficless road. No life stirs."

"But at length, and at the auspicious hour—so finely calculated, his astronomers watching the sun—the Sultan emerges and the scene is changed. At the Palace Gate, his Household Guards are drawn up in martial order; blue, red, and white; a few carriages and a motor arrive, bringing a few sightseers from the indifferent city, and people stream across the uncared-for waste. A little way from the palace stands the Mosque of the Friday Prayer, to which, after the custom of all Moslem Sovereigns, he rides in state in the sight of his people. But the sovereignty of Morocco is in commission, and it is only a small world that is assembled here to greet him. . . .

"Who shall describe the strange austere beauty of scenes like these?" Well, our dauntless author will, for one.

The drums begin to beat, the band to play, and as the music advances the Sultan's coach, a thing of glass and gold with the great candle-lamps of a bygone age behind the coachman's seat, slowly advances, drawn by a pair of brown horses; and behind it ride upon mules the Grand Vizier and Ministers of State, the Sultan's Chamberlain and Household, perched upon their high Moorish saddles in the old crouching manner that is peculiar to this land. All are clothed in spotless white.

"A body of musicians, in long robes of saffron and pink and yellow, like Dervishes in Persian pictures, appear from behind the Mosque and stand with their fifes and drums in a line at the Royal Portal. The Black Guard stand stiffly to attention, their hands held parallel to the ground against their rifle barrels; the procession draws near; and behind the glass doors of the coach there is visible the figure of Mulai Youssef, last of the Alaouite Sultans; like a graven image sealed from the living world. He might have died a thousand years ago, and this but his mummy. Beside the wheels of his carriage walk attendants waving white muslin scarves in the air to drive away the flies from the presence of their Lord."

If that doesn't send you off to the nearest tourist agent with a roll of notes clutched in your sweating palm, nothing will. But I can sense that you are thrilled.

The Angry Resident.

For all that, there are those, it seems, who deny that Morocco is beautiful. The author met such a person. He had lived there five years, he said, and knew Morocco and every grain of sand in the desert. He was extremely annoyed with travellers who go away and tell people that it is worth seeing. He denounced it as ugly, and the travellers who praise it for its beauty as insincere liars.

Mr. Scott O'Connor does not agree. He has eyes to see. He lends us his eyes that we, too, may understand the beauty of Morocco.

"I see before me scenes like these. A flock of sheep grazing at peace upon the new-

(Continued overleaf.)



ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN FIGURES IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD: MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, AS SAVA SEES HIM.

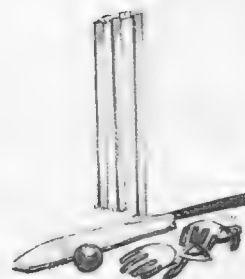
Mr. George Grossmith, actor, producer, and dramatic author, is one of the best-known figures in the theatrical world. He is the son of the late George Grossmith, the actor and entertainer, and is one of the most popular artists who have ever appeared in musical comedy at the Gaiety, Daly's and other famous homes of this form of entertainment. He is now to be seen in "The Beauty Prize" at the Winter Garden; and his daughter, Miss Ena Grossmith—who is an excellent comédienne—is in "The Rising Generation" at the Shaftesbury.

From the Caricature by Sava.

the travellers. You will notice the camels first, looking as if they simply hated it, and then, just alongside the camels, you will see gentlemen in petticoats, walking. Why they are walking instead of riding on the camels is not explained. Liver, perhaps, due to a shortage in dates.

The Sultan Goes to Prayer.

The first passage marked by me for your delectation describes how the Sultan goes to prayer. This happens on Fridays. Of course, he goes to prayer whenever the



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(Continued.)

born grass, a shepherd in his long white robe, a strip of blue ocean. The sun sending down his bars of light through a momentary cloud makes an aureole, like a glory about each of his flock, about his own motionless figure, along the clean hard line of his staff. If there were a painter so gifted that he could paint this simple picture, might he not make himself immortal?"

That's just it. You remember the story of the carping critic who said to the famous artist, looking at a picture by the latter, "I've never seen a sunset like that."

"No," agreed the painter; "but don't you wish you could?"

It is all in the ability to see.

"I see a solitary palm-tree," continues Mr. O'Connor, "perfect in her drooping grace and dream-like beauty—sole companion of the changing clouds."

"I see a little river like a child's ribbon, entering the mighty ocean; and nothing but these two."

Whereas you and I would have urged the camels forward, and complained bitterly of the lack of refreshment-houses in such a hot and dusty land.

"I see afar off as I ride along the coast, the white-dove-like glitter of an Arab town; the blue rim of the Atlantic; the plunging foam of his breakers, where they crash, soundless, at its feet. They call it Fedhala."

And the author sums up the case for the East thus—

"I realise to my great joy that there is a beauty in these things—in this lonely far-off land that is not my own—of space and silence and light; that though its beauty is not the beauty of meadows and corn-lands and little cottages and village churches; yet that it also is God's world, that it is good to look upon, and that it may even leave the spirit freer for communion with the Infinite. Out of these things mighty impulses have been born to sweep over the world; new religions, new dynasties, new empires. . . ."

Which seems to me a very handsome, though hardly necessary, apology for Morocco. Any country that can show a picture as charming and restful as "The Mederes of Yussef" needs no defence for its existence.

Altogether, a most interesting book, excellently produced, which will prove irresistible to those who can already hear the East a-calling. Had I but the time to listen, I should be one of them.

"Captain Shapely," "I ought to say," she mentioned gravely, "that Sir Ambrose expects to marry his ward to a Mr. Magnus."

"A Mr. Magnus of Cheshire, madam? Good Gad!"

"That does not influence you?" she asked.

"Madam," he said, "it makes a Perseus of me, for I am sure your Magnus is a monster."

"Sir Ambrose's, not mine," she corrected him, choking down merriment at the conceit of Ranacre-Perseus.

"And my wager, my lord?" Shapely insisted.

"Gad, you're a contumacious fellow, Shapely. Curse me, if I haven't half a mind to punish your impertinence by taking you."

"That means you take me, then. Half a mind is all the mind you have."

"One could, under the excuse that one was being witty, say anything, and Ranacre

decided this was wit. 'You're an amazing satirical fellow, Shapely,' he said, 'or I should be constrained to wring your neck.'

"But you take my wager?"



THE RUNCIMAN-LEHMANN WEDDING: MR. AND MRS. WALTER LESLIE RUNCIMAN AFTER THE QUIET CEREMONY AT THE KINGSWAY HALL.

The marriage took place very quietly in the private chapel of the Wesleyan Mission Hall, Kingsway, of Mr. Walter Leslie Runciman, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Runciman, and Miss Rosamond Nina Lehmann, second daughter of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, of the staff of our old friend, "Punch" and of rowing fame, and Mrs. Lehmann, of Fieldhead, Bourne End, Bucks. The reception was held at Claridge's.

Photograph by L.N.A.

"Ranacre was honestly incredulous. He was not concerned to spare Shapely: he simply did not believe that an obscure commoner



THE MARRIAGE OF A WIRELESS "UNCLE": MRS. JOHN HOPE FELLOWS CUTTING THE CAKE, AIDED BY MR. JOHN HOPE FELLOWS ("UNCLE JOHN"). Mr. John Hope Fellows ("Uncle John") and Miss Ellen Milligan, of Wallasey, Cheshire, listened-in to the congratulations of the "Uncles" and "Aunts" from the London Station of the British Broadcasting Company after their wedding at Wilmington, Kent.

In our photograph, "Uncle John" is seen helping his bride to cut the cake.

Photograph by C.N.

had the foolhardy presumption to pit himself against a lord.

"You seriously meant it?" he asked.

"Assuredly."

"That," Ranacre recapitulated precisely, "you will elope with Mistress Blundell for five thousand guineas when I've told you I mean to elope with her myself?"

"That is the wager, in Lady Orlebar's hearing." Her ladyship assented: she had heard.

"Taken, by Gad," said Ranacre, and added with sincerest compassion for the folly of a fool, "Lord, what a fall you'll have!"

Costume and Dialogue.

Rather a long extract, I agree, but it serves three purposes. It shows you at once the kind of story Mr. Harold Brighthouse has written for the gay season; it gives you the gist of the plot; and it affords a fair sample of his spirited dialogue.

I hold it a brave thing for an ultra-modern—for is not Mr. Brighthouse one of the Manchester school?—to sit down and write a whole book about a highwayman in the days of Queen Anne. You may think it easy, but it needs a high form of courage and determination, let me tell you. Nobody to-day, for instance, really knows how they talked in those days, but you must keep on pretending that you do. And you must rattle on about their costumes and customs as though you had not mugged it all up in advance.

Mr. Brighthouse doesn't flag or falter. But I'll warrant he was glad when he got to the end of it—which doesn't mean that you will be.

"Thy Neighbour's Wife."

And here is another brave—one might almost say rash—author, Liam O'Flaherty. His—or her—prefatory note, printed on the flap, so to speak, of the jacket, concludes in this way:

"It was written in the second place as a courageous attempt to save the Irish novel from the debauched condition of being a political pamphlet or a religious controversy, or worst of all, a literary facsimile of the third-rate music-hall comedies that draw alcoholic laughter from an audience of very low intelligence." (They are doing Shaw at the Alhambra, you know: but that is merely a coincidence.) "It does not attempt to preach anything. It merely endeavours to be a faithful picture of life as I have seen it. And it has failed absolutely unless its first paragraph can arouse a laugh in even the most melancholy breast."

That's the bold bit. You can imagine how tremblingly I turned to the first paragraph. Heaven knows, I did not want Liam to fail absolutely.

There are twenty-four lines in the first paragraph. Search as I may, I cannot find the funny one. How utterly dismal must be my breast! There is, I admit, a reference to a flea—"to make the lemonade so weak that it wouldn't knock down a flea"—but that can't be intended to arouse a laugh. Oh, no; the Irish are wittier than that.

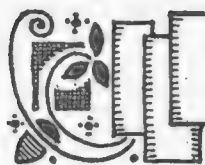
But there's a terrible chapter about a curate who shuts himself up in his room and gets drunk on whisky. When he woke up he had two more glasses, then ate a record breakfast and felt splendid.

This portion will be blacked out in America, I presume.

A Vision of Morocco. By V. C. Scott O'Connor. (Thornton Butterworth; 25s. net.)

Captain Shapely. By Harold Brighthouse. (Chapman and Dodd; 7s. 6d. net.)

Thy Neighbour's Wife. By Liam O'Flaherty. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)



Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.



I SUPPOSE there are still quite a lot of people who religiously make New Year's resolutions. At least, I hope there are. If you come to think of it, there must be, otherwise there wouldn't be so many broken. This year there will be an additional strain put upon those who annually indulge in this laudable hobby. For, being Leap Year, 1924 has an extra day in it. The Rugger man is nothing if not resolute, and no doubt he will have put down on his New Year's agenda many resolutions that will help him



to rid himself of the various errors that marred his game in 1923. The forward will do well to take a solemn oath that never again will he be guilty of getting his side penalised for "foot up." The scrum half must determine always to put the ball fairly in the scrum, and never give his "stand-off" any pass of the subterranean sort. And I can think of many a "stand-off" who would improve his game immeasurably by vowing he would give up the bad habit of trying to cut through on his own when, by passing to his centre, a try looks a practical certainty. As for the three-quarters, let them one and all resolve that they will run with the ball—and run straight—and that they will never give a forward pass. In defence, every player's list of New Year's resolutions must include the determination to go for the man with the ball, and go for him low. The full-back will do well to swear solemnly that no man shall pass him in 1924, and that he will catch the ball cleanly and not wait for it to bounce. Such resolutions as these have no doubt already been made by those players who have an earnest desire to purge their game of its past imperfections. But the odds are all Lombard Street to a china orange that, by the end of the first Saturday's game of 1924, most of these good resolutions will have been broken.

The historical annual contest between Richmond and Blackheath on the Richmond Athletic Ground was unfortunately prevented from taking place owing to the frost, and subsequent thaw, having rendered the turf

unplayable. With the England v. Wales match down to be played on the latter's territory this year, my thoughts go back to the last occasion (two years ago) when England were beaten on a Welsh mud-swamp. I had occasion then to suggest that the defeat of our fifteen was largely due to the fact that they had been brought up on fine firm turf, and had had no sort of training for the heavy slush which it was almost a certainty they would find in Wales. Our men were unable to cope with the conditions. They could not even run in the slough—wherein they sank to their ankles. The Welshmen, thoroughly at home in the mud, employed the only method that the day dictated—the kick and rush; and, being able to run, easily outstripped the Englishmen and scored.

I should like to think that the England team's training this year will include a course of instruction in how to adapt themselves to swampy conditions. In case the Wales match should be played under the ghastly weather conditions that prevailed in 1922, I am certain that our team would be well advised to practise on some ground—which could easily be found—where the turf is practically under water.

I have already spoken of the necessity for three-quarters to run straight, instead of across the ground. The result of this latter unprofitable practice is obvious from the outset. When the wing receives the ball he is hampered by the touch-line and has no room in which to move. The touch-line should be regarded by the three-quarters, when attacking, as just as much a bar to any progress as the tackle. If they would get into their heads the idea that at every foot, all along the whole hundred yards of the white line, there is an invisible opponent who will pull them up quite as effectively, though not so forcibly, as any of their visible opponents, it might help them to keep away from it.

Another prevalent error which I should like to see eradicated from 1924 Rugger is that of the three-quarter line which dissipates the value of passing by giving and taking the ball at a jog-trot. The secret of successful passing

lies in each member of the line giving and taking his pass at top speed. Slow-motion passing among

three-quarters is painful to watch. The side that employs it never looks like scoring—and generally never does. On the other hand, pace combined with swift passing always looks dangerous, and will sooner or later result in a try. The Oxford three-quarter line in many of their matches gave exemplary exhibitions of how to give and take passes on the move.

I have often had to deplore the failure to add two points—which make just the difference between winning and losing a match—to the score which results from poor place-kicking.

I think there has been a little improvement lately in this vital department of the game. There are certainly some who stand out as exceedingly efficient converters of tries—Day, of Leicester; Luddington, of Devonport Services and England fame; and the Harlequins have, in their forward Lowe, an extremely reliable place-kicker.



LIEUT. W.C.T. EYRES R.N.,
CAPT. OF THE POSSIBLES.



H. MILLETT,
ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL
FULL BACK,
1920:
NOW TOUCH
JUDGING.

I suppose most of the shots at goal go wrong through the ball being incorrectly placed. It may be perfectly poised before it is grounded in its hole; but there is often just a small alteration unconsciously made during the latter movement which, however slight, is sufficient to upset the direction and flight of the ball. Shots at goal are as often fozzled as those from the tee at golf through neglecting that important, essential maxim to keep your eye on the ball.

The important final trial, England v. The Rest, which will take place at Twickenham

on Saturday next, January 5, will be looked forward to with interest. There is still, in the minds of the critics, considerable doubt as to the choice of the full-back. Certainly none of the men who have been tried in that position fulfils all the requirements of it. Personally, I have great faith in Franklyn. He is cool when hard pressed, a beautiful touchfinder, and a deadly tackler.



AT THE RICHMOND V. BATH MATCH THE NOTICE BOARD CAUSED A SHOCK TO THE SPECTATORS, WHO SUPPOSED THAT A TUB, AFTER CHANGING, WAS CONSIDERED A NECESSITY.

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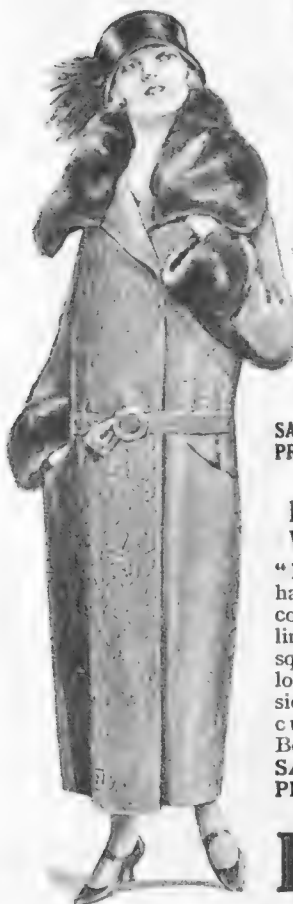
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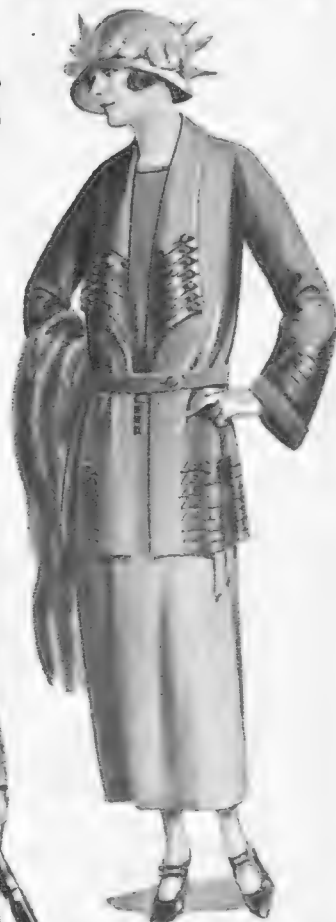
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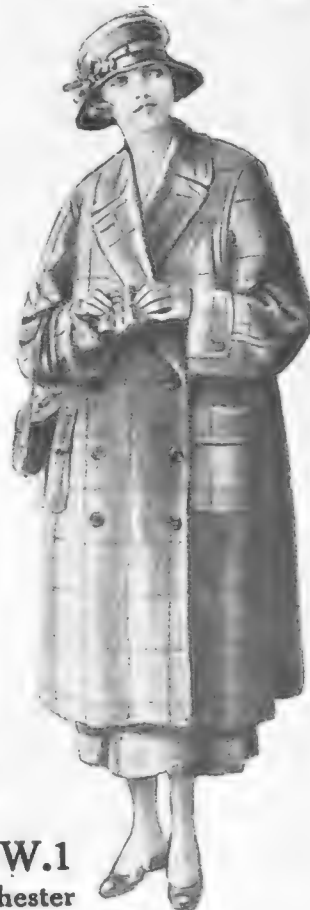
COAT-FROCKS

"Trellis," a very pretty Gabardine One-piece Gown, designed with tucked panels at sides, square tucked collar, and finished with braided girdle and covered buttons. **SALE PRICE 7 GNS.**



3-PIECE GOWNS

"Manet," a smart and serviceable Three-Piece Gown in Nigger Tricotine, designed on long lines and trimmed flat Military braid. The coat is cut full at back and decorated braid and buttons. **SALE PRICE 12 GNS.**



FLEECE COATS

"D.B. Lingfield," a splendidly warm and protective overcoat, on double-breasted lines, with large patch pockets and turn-back cuffs. Fleeces, Blankets, Tweeds and Homespuns. **SALE PRICE 5 GNS.**

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"Heriston."

"D.B. Lingfield."

STOCKTAKING SALE

Commences Monday, Jan. 7th,
and continues for Twelve Days.



MODEL TAILOR SUIT in green velvet cloth; coat with low waist effect, fastening with thread through sash; finished heavy embroidery and deep collar and cuffs of fur, lined rich grey satin; plain, well-cut skirt, with tucked yoke. Original Price 28 gns.
SALE PRICE 15½ Gns.



TEA GOWNS. Many copies of French models, in attractive colours and fashionable styles, of which sketch in black georgette with royal and hyacinth shadings, the front of gown with pleated panel, inset bands of contrasting colours, finished with fur, is an example.
SALE PRICE 8½ Gns.



NIGHTDRESS in pure silk crepe-de-Chine, entirely hand made, square neck and new-shaped armhole, edged hand-veined folds of self material low waistline of gauging. In pink, sky, ivory, yellow, mauve, coral and green.
SALE PRICE ... 29/6
Chemise and Knickers to match. **SALE PRICE 25/9 each.**



Knitted WOOLLEN SUITS, made from super quality yarn, in various styles, of which sketch with coat bound artificial silk to match, is an example. In good colours. Original Price, 73/6.
SALE PRICE ... 42/-
(Post orders cannot be accepted.)



35 ATTRACTIVE AFTER-NOON GOWNS, in printed crepe-de-Chine on navy, nigger and black grounds; in three good shapes, of which sketch, with simple bodice and skirt with gaugings at pockets, is an example. Original Price, 6½ gns.
SALE PRICE ... 98/6



12 FUR COATS in moleskin, golden nutria, seal dyed musquash and skunk, of which sketch, worked from selected bright silky sable dyed squirrel skins, full collar, and turn-back cuffs, lined rich quality silk to tone, is an example. Original Prices, 98 to 115 gns.
SALE PRICE ... 75 Gns.



BECOMING JUMPERS in printed fancy crepe-de-Chine, in a variety of artistic designs and colours, of which sketch, with crossover effect, fullness each side of fronts, is an example.
SALE PRICE ... 25/9



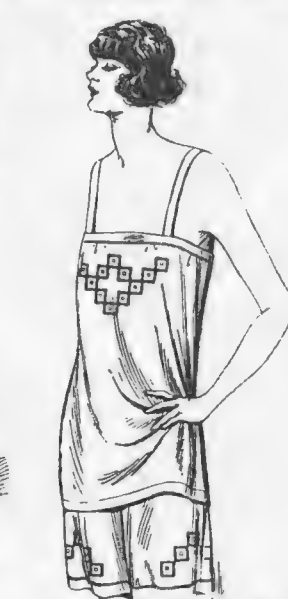
SPORTS SHIRTS in striped spun silk on cream grounds, well tailored, detachable collar and link cuffs, can be worn with long tie or bow. In saxe, mauve, lemon, navy, cherry, black. In sizes 13 to 14½ inches.
SALE PRICE ... 15/9



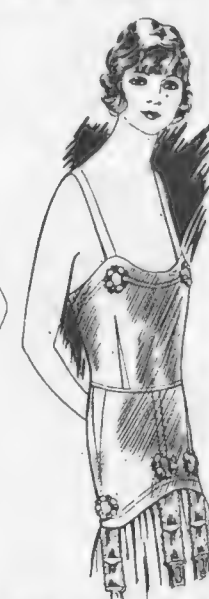
KNITTED WOOLLEN JUMPERS (as sketch), in lace stitch with coloured stripe, and in various styles and colours. Oddments from our regular stock. Usual Prices, 39/6 to 52/6.
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SKIRT KNICKERS, in thoroughly reliable satin; finished at knee with garter and fine pleating. In black, ivory, and fashionable colours. In medium and long lengths.
SALE PRICE ... 20/-



PURE SILK MILANESE VEST (as sketch), and in many other designs, perfect fitting, full length, opera shape. In white, pink, sky, mauve, lemon, black, peach and cyclamen.
SALE PRICE 15/6
PURE SILK MILANESE KNICKERS to match. New wide shape. **17/6**



THE NEW CORSLO HIP BELT AND BUST BODICE COMBINED, in pink or white cotton tricot, buttoned at back, two bones in front which may be removed for washing. Measurements required: hips, bust and waist.
SALE PRICE ... 39/6

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(Debenham's Ltd.)

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Motor-Car Gymnastics.

An interesting exhibition was recently given on the lower slopes of Box Hill, near Dorking, of what a motor-car could perform in the way of gymnastics. Naturally, it was not an ordinary chassis, as not only did this car run over very uneven ground and pirouette in tiny circles, but it also proceeded backwards and forwards, sidling like a horse, or what is more frequently called "walking like a crab." It was an experimental chassis, designed by M. Alexandre Hollé, and constructed by French's Motor Engineering Works, Ltd., from the working drawings provided by the engineering laboratory presided over by Professor Low. Quite a number of its features have been fully covered by patents, and they were all embodied in this particular chassis, so that the visitors could see how they work. Whether any future chassis will be built containing all these features remains to be seen, but at any rate some of them are undoubtedly interesting. In the first place, the four wheels are driven by direct live-axle drives from a differential gearing, placed in the centre of the chassis, which radiates four driving shafts to the individual front and back wheels. Also, all four wheels are actuated by the steering mechanism, so that, when the driver turns the steering wheel to alter the direction of the car, it is not only the front wheels that turn off at an angle, but also the rear ones. The result is that the chassis can turn around in about one half the space required by the ordinary taxi-cab. If, however, the car is parked in a line of vehicles, tightly wedged between two more or less immovable blocks, the driver has only to alter the steering-gear attachment (a matter of a minute), and his car can proceed to drive sideways out of the line of parked vehicles and so go on its way after having disentangled itself. Each wheel is independently sprung on cantilever springs, and so pivoted that, when the springs flex, the wheel has only a vertical up-and-down movement. In the hands of young Mr. French, it was driven all over the wet grass and banking, over light bushes and miniature chasms, at what seemed an almost terrifying speed; but it mattered not whether one wheel was many inches above its opposite number, the car proceeded on its wayward whirl over the greensward. The conditions were admirable for testing the wheel-grip, as the soil was about as wet and as slippery as ever it could possibly be, and it certainly impressed all the spectators by the manner in which it performed its gyrations without any skidding, even when whirling round in circles of about fifteen feet radius at a fairly fast speed. Another peculiarity of the design is that whereas most cars have a differential that permits the one back wheel to proceed faster or slower than the other

when turning corners, this Hollé chassis has its differential so arranged that the near-side pair of wheels, front and back, differentiate, when required, with the off-side pair; or, in other words, the front and rear wheels are practically linked together on each side of the chassis. The effect is to give a better wheel-grip, which no doubt the demonstration was meant to show. Colonel and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, Colonel Niblett, and other officials of the War Department were present, and undoubtedly the Hollé chassis should do well for the Colonies, especially as its ultimate design is for goods-carrying vehicles.



LECTURING ON PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY, AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MISS ANNA MAUD HALLAM.

Miss Hallam describes Practical Psychology as "a scientific effort to unfold and understand the laws pertaining to human life," and argues that it "reveals the past—the Cause of Things; illumines the present—the Appearance of Things; and controls the future—the Harvest of Things." She is lecturing at the Queen's Hall on the evening of Sunday next, Jan 6, at eight o'clock, and during the following week at the same time. Her lectures are free, and it is expected that they will cause unusual interest.

All-Weather Motor-Cars.

No one realises what a scarcity of garages there is in England. This applies equally to the public and the private lock-ups; and until the motor-manufacturer tackles this difficulty he can never expect to turn out that large number of vehicles which he is always vociferously exclaiming he must do to make a profit. Now, heaps of people are suggesting various jobs for the R.A.C. to do during the summer time in order that they



may keep up their character and title as a "Society for Encouragement," but nobody helps them to keep their technical officials employed during the winter time. May I suggest that they test all the popular cars on the market to-day, to see whether they can stand being left out in the open air all night without coming to any more harm than if the car had reposed in a covered garage, so that their owners can drive them in the morning, after perhaps having to refill the water-tank and unwrap the magneto or distributor? I feel perfectly sure that if the British manufacturer would only have the courage and faith in his wares to submit his motor-cars to a trial of this nature, his order-book would fill by leaps and bounds from the hundreds of thousands of motorists who to-day would own cars if they could leave them in the open air all night without damage. Not that they wish to do this for perverseness, but simply because they really have no covered place in which to put them. Also these would-be car-owners cannot or will not pay the high rents demanded by the garage or stable owner.

Leviathans of the Road.

An object of much attention at the Commercial Motor Exhibition recently was the new type of six-wheeled motor-coach, designed to carry the same number of passengers as the ordinary double-decked omnibus, yet without an upper storey, so that it could travel on roads where the bridges were low, which might be fraught with danger to the upper-deck passengers of the higher, double-decked motor-omnibus. Motor-car owners, however, are already beginning to wonder how many more "road trains" they are going to see on the highways, as the steam-tractor with trailer and the petrol lorry hauling an additional wagon or two are becoming quite common objects on our main roads, and no doubt will invade the secondary highways sooner or later. The Ministry of Transport at present lays down certain regulations as regards the width of motor vehicles, both for commercial goods and passenger-carrying. If the six-wheeler develops into any greater length, it would appear as if there would have to be some regulation

in regard to maximum length as well as maximum width, for these tractors, when the ordinary car-driver meets them hauling wagons on curly roads; wind like boa-constrictors, occupying the greater part of the roadway. Not that I wish them not to be there—I welcome them as showing how beneficial road transport is to commerce generally. But our roads will have to be made straighter and wider if these leviathans of the road are going to increase.



Judging Distance at Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.



One-Course Limitations.

Is this accurate gauging of distances a quality that can be acquired? In point of fact, I suppose it is much more of a cultivated art than a gift bestowed by Nature. Nothing succeeds like success, and the professional who performs prominently in championships is helped to cultivate it by the fact that he is invited to play on many courses in exhibition matches and tournaments. There is not the slightest doubt that the amateur who pursues nearly all his golf on one course limits his possibilities of improvement. He may be far and away the

The Supreme Art. It is a common experience of the golfer—especially on a strange course—to hit an iron shot exactly as he had intended, and then see the ball finish either short of the green or beyond it. His judgment of distance is at fault; nothing else. Many theories have been advanced in explanation of the fact—as disclosed by the open championship returns—that the leading professionals are better players than the leading amateurs. The most popular finding is that the professionals are the more deadly with their iron clubs, and they are so, I think, not because they hit the ball better than the amateurs, but because they are better judges of distance. They are more consistent in the accuracy of their judgment.

Setting a Standard.

From the moment that first J. H. Taylor and then Harry Vardon came into the field to set a higher standard of skill than anybody had shown previously, the feature of their play which created a deeper impression than any other on students of the game was the facility with which they could estimate all the distances on a strange course. They were joined later by James Braid in a kind of coalition that almost invariably captured the lions' share of the prizes in any tournament. Braid soon acquired the same gift as Vardon and Taylor for judging distances with an almost uncanny precision, although it never seemed to be quite so natural to him as to his two particular friends and rivals, for he would often walk a long way forward to survey the situation, whereas the others appeared to be able to do it at a mere glance. However, Braid's trait may have been merely Scottish caution.

Inspiration and Habit.

The latter-day professionals have developed just the same qualities in this connection, with the result that it is now beyond question, I think, that their superiority over the leading amateurs is due solely to the circumstance that they are the better judges of distance—that is, of the shots that are needed. In isolated rounds here and there it might easily happen that Mr. Roger Wethered or Mr. Cyril Tolley, in an inspired mood, would beat all the leading professionals in a scoring competition. But, extend the test to four rounds, and the professionals, with the unvarying precision of their estimates as to the shots required, could safely be backed to overwhelm the amateurs, even though Mr. Wethered did make one nearly triumphant effort in the championship at St. Andrews three years ago.



GOLFERS BOTH: MR. AND MRS. J. BALDERSTON ANDERSON.

Mr. J. Balderston Anderson, the Hon. Secretary of the London Watsonian Club, was married at St. Columba's, Pont Street, the other day. He is very well known in sporting circles, having played cricket for the Watsonians (Edinburgh) and Rugby for the London Scottish. He is a scratch golfer at Oxhey and at St. Andrews, and he won the Herts Championship, with Ted Ray, in 1922. Mrs. Anderson, who was Mrs. Mabel Jackson, is well known as a golfer at Cooden Beach.

best player on that course—even a local hero with a handicap of plus 2; but, directly he goes elsewhere, and the old, familiar distances are no longer presented to him, he is as a traveller lost in the countryside. He does not know what to do next. How often this profound predicament has been visited upon players in the amateur championship!

Variety's Value. It is a fair deduction that the rapid advance which Oxford and Cambridge teams often make in one short term is due largely to the fact that they are playing on different courses every week. To the same circumstance may be attributed no small measure of the success of University men in the big events; and three Oxonians—Mr. Wethered, Mr. Tolley, and Mr. Ernest Holderness—have won the amateur championship in the past four years. To the person who is keen to improve at golf, and who is indeed improving at it, the importance of playing on as large a variety of courses as possible is probably the only point which is regularly overlooked. Everybody who has developed some measure of proficiency at the game will tell you that he knows the instant he hits the ball whether he has played the shot as he intended to play it, or otherwise. If he is a one-course golfer, it almost invariably produces the result which he expects. Here even the 'judging of the wind in its varying moods becomes a kind of second nature to him.

Dammed Emotion.

But put him somewhere else, and frequently the shot which he thought was exactly right proves to be entirely wrong. This is frustration in its most refined form—frustration that leads to exasperation. It is enough to justify Dr. Harold Dearden, the consulting physician on nervous diseases, in his declaration: "Of all games for the tired brain-worker, I believe golf to be the worst"—a theory which he puts forward on the ground that golf "causes a damming-up of emotion due to unsuccessful striving." Certainly the shot which, struck exactly as the player had intended, fails to achieve the desired result causes a great deal of such damming.

An Opportunity Lost.

To the person who sees much golf, it is palpable that one of the most frequent causes of the misjudgment of the length of shots is failure to take heed of changes in the wind. George Duncan might have compiled by now a very great record in championships—his one victory does poor justice to his genius—if he had seized a golden opportunity at St. Andrews in 1911, when he was a young man of twenty-seven. With eighteen holes to play, he led handsomely as the result of a third round, of seventy-one. Before he went out for his last round in the afternoon the wind changed entirely, and, strange though it may seem, his shots showed that he had not noticed the change. At any rate, it took him nearly half the round to adapt himself to the new conditions, and his score worked out at eighty-three. After that, there is surely justification for Mr. Carl Bretherton and others who flutter a handkerchief periodically, the better to gauge how the wind is behaving.

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The Precipice Riders of the Italian Army.

"Clinging like flies to a wall!" The pure bred steeds of Italy's cavalry, ridden by some of the most intrepid horsemen who ever donned a King's uniform, frequently negotiate declivities forty feet high and almost perpendicular. Feeling their way down with surer foot than the mule and with an adhesion which seems to defy all the laws of gravity, these horses are the amazement of everyone who has seen them. Sometimes they do lose their nerve, and when twenty feet from the bottom . . . jump. Then the rider has to know how to fall! Not very utilitarian, perhaps, in these days of long-range guns and tanks . . . but mighty fine horsemanship, for all that!

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St. James's 4

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B. 112.
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	2 x 3 " 52/- "	2½ x 2½ " 55/- "	
	2½ x 3 " 66/- "	2½ x 3½ " 77/- "	
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Hemstitched, Washed Ready for Use.	Per Pair.		
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HS 1. Strong and useful quality -			

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68 doz. Heavy Grass Bleach Linen Huck Towels. Hemstitched, with charming Red or White Fancy Border. Size 19 x 36 ins.

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WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD



Soft georgette and frills of filmy lace have been pressed into service to fashion this attractive set of dancing knickers and chemise. Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.

Sale Time and New Year Resolutions.

Yesterday we all made firm resolutions to practise sundry and unaccustomed virtues throughout 1924—some to smoke less, others to work more, and the majority of women to economise generally on clothes. To-day we wonder how these rash promises are to be carried out, and to-morrow (alas!) they will most probably be forgotten until next New Year's Day. But at any rate we can begin by allowing no opportunities to slip by unheeded, and full advantage should be taken of the January sales, which afford endless scope in the matter of completely replenishing wardrobes at absurdly low prices, thus saving future extravagances. Spurred by these excellent intentions, the prospective shopper must needs study carefully the innumerable tempting offers included in this year's sales, where a rich harvest can be reaped at prices that are really reminiscent of the fortunate days before 1914.

Unique Opportunities.

Included in the sale of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., which begins on Monday next and will continue for a fortnight only, are some really amazing offers that are certainly not likely to recur. A beautiful chinchilla coat which was originally priced at £4500 is to be sold for £950, and model fur coats are reduced from 135-198 guineas to 98 guineas; while fur ties of every variety, normally costing 6½ to 10 guineas, can be obtained for 98s. 6d. On the second floor there will be a wonderful selection of sports coats and jumpers, all marked down to 15s. 6d.; and on the ground floor useful suits of wool and silk can be obtained for 52s. 6d., and light-

weight coats for house wear in a pretty lace pattern for 29s. 6d. Tea-frocks from 29s. 6d., and handsome, fur-trimmed velour coats from 7½ guineas, are other noteworthy features; and no one should miss visiting the lingerie department, where hand-made crêpe-de-Chine nightdresses are available for 29s. 6d., and 200 captivating boudoir-caps are practically given away at 5s. each.

Bargains in Shoes.

Everyone in search of distinctive shoes at bargain prices must visit Manfield's, at 170, Regent Street, W., where they have assembled the surplus stock from sixty branches, and are selling it at drastically reduced prices during their New Year sale, which is now in progress. Incredible though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that innumerable pairs of every description, style, and cost are being offered at 15s. each, and silks stockings for 2s. 11d. Furthermore, the whole basement has been transformed into a glittering arcade, so that everyone may go down and shop-gaze in comfort, avoiding jostling crowds and possibly rainy weather.

Lingerie and Tea-Gowns.

That Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., are past-masters in the art of creating beautiful tea-gowns is once again proved conclusively by the fascinating affair of georgette and lace pictured on this page; and the knowledge that there is a large selection offered at attractive prices during their sale (which is now in progress) invites an immediate



A truly fascinating affair is this tea-gown of pleated georgette and silk lace to match, bordered with soft grey fur. It must be placed to the credit of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.



A combined petticoat and knickers designed and carried out by Debenham and Freebody. Pink satin makes the shaped bodice and dancing knickers, concealed by a billowing skirt of ivory lace over shell-pink ninon.

visit. There are models of hand-some metal brocade, suitable for all occasions,

marked at the incredibly low price of 98s. 6d.; and 89s. 6d. secures a sheath-like frock of chiffon velvet with wide Chinese-lantern sleeves of georgette, obtainable in all colours, including black. In the lingerie department there are hand-made French and Belgian lawn nightdresses offered at 13s. 9d., and some of lace and crêpe-de-Chine with pretty bib fronts for 29s. 6d.; while chemise and knickers to match are each 21s. 9d. Really gilt-edged investments are cosy wool-backed dressing-gowns with pretty collars and cuffs of crêpe-de-Chine, reduced to the modest price of 58s. each.

A One Week's Sale.

Beginning at 9 a.m., and lasting until 6.30 p.m. daily, the sale at Harrods' Knightsbridge, S.W., commences on Jan. 7 and continues until Jan. 12 only, so that an early visit is essential in order to secure one of the beautiful moleskin shoulder-wraps which were originally 69 guineas and are reduced to 49 guineas; or a handsome, full-length, sable-brown gazelle coat offered at 12 guineas; and blue wolf ties, composed of one whole skin, are marked down to 9½ guineas. There are also 150 woollen coats and skirts waiting to be claimed, ranging from 30s. to 60s., and distinctive Oxford shoes of nigger glacé kid for 18s. 9d. Full-length velour coats with wrap-over fastening on the left side are only 57s. 6d., and 13s. 6d. is the price of a girl's reliable mackintosh. Again, 500 cloche velour hats are to be disposed of at 10s. 6d. each; and 12s. 9d. secures a useful morocco hand-bag, with an inner division.

(Continued overleaf.)

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

How to Know Good Silk Stockings.

It is by no means an easy task to choose really durable silk stockings; appearances are deceptive, and I know from sad experience that it is not always the most expensive variety which lasts the longest. There is one rule, however, which is a sure guide, the golden rule of always buying stockings of proven merit. Silk stockings that do not ladder, that will withstand the onslaught of constant laundering—this is the reputation enjoyed by Tritex stockings, sponsored by the Holeproof Hosiery Company, of 47, Berners Street, W. Costing only 8s. 11d. per pair, they are available in all the fashionable shades, including bright colours for evening wear, and can be obtained everywhere, thus providing an easy solution to the difficulty.

"cut" to 35s., regardless of their original cost. Everything for children's wear is also substantially reduced.

Opportunities Which Must Not be Missed.

The early visitor to Jay's, Regent Street, W., whose January sale begins to-day and continues throughout the month, will reap rich rewards, for there is an unusually large collection of Paris models to be disposed of at less than cost price. A lovely Drecol cloak, of embroidered grey charmalaine trimmed with squirrel has been reduced from 55 to 25 guineas; and the price of a graceful promenade coat obtainable in several shades of velour, satin-lined, and trimmed with natural American opossum, has been reduced to 15 guineas. Beautiful wraps for afternoon and evening wear have been treated to the same drastic "cutting," and a lovely wrap coat of black cloth, with flounces edged with the fashionable mole-skin, and cuffs and collars of the same pelt, is now marked at 27 guineas only. Millinery, hosiery, gloves, and indeed every department, offer equally tempting opportunities which must be promptly seized.

A Sale Accessible to Residents Abroad. In order that residents across the seas may not be debarred by time and distance from benefitting by the winter sale which is now in progress at D. H. Evans', of Oxford Street, W., this firm has issued a comprehensive sale catalogue, and orders received by them from abroad within a reasonable time after the sale has actually ceased will still be met at the special prices mentioned therein. There are bargains of every description. The useful woollen frock sketched on this page is obtainable for 39s. 6d. in all shades; and 69s. 6d. secures a useful house-frock for the older woman in black silk and wool marocain, with the becoming vest front. There is a limited number of well-cut skirts in tweed or velveteen for 10s., and fashionable wrap-over models, finished with a useful hip pocket, for 18s. 11d. A really wonderful selection of inexpensive hats includes feather-weight felts from 14s. 6d., untrimmed velours from 10s., and fashionable hand-made models from 39s. 6d. Every Friday during the sale is a remnant day—an important fact which must not be forgotten.

Furs at Pleasant Prices. Wonderful reductions in furs of every description are to be found at the Wholesale Fur Company's sale at



Ready for the New Year parties are these charming little people arrayed by P. Steinmann and Co., of 185, Piccadilly, W. Fine broderie anglaise ornaments the frock on the right, while the other is of white organdie embroidered with tiny bunches of cherries and scalloped in the same gay hue.

12, Conduit Street, W., which is now in progress, and no time should be lost before hastening to secure the many tempting bargains. There are handsome fox stoles from 3 guineas, and fur coats ranging from 8 guineas upwards; while a special feature which must not be forgotten is that during the sale all remodelling will be carried out at reduced prices.

Bargains of Real Laces. Beautiful Valenciennes.

Brussels, and other famous laces are being sold at half price during the sale of P. Steinmann and Co., 185, Piccadilly, W., which continues until January 12. Remnants of filet lace can be obtained from 5s. to 5 guineas, and lovely lace berthes range from 18s. 6d. while modesty slip fronts are obtain-

able for 7s. 6d., and lace-trimmed nightgowns range from 18s. 6d. Naturally, everything connected with babies' clothing, for which this firm is so famous, is also substantially reduced, and pretty little party frocks (two of which are sketched on this page) can be obtained for very modest sums. Delightful affairs of fine nainsook, hand-embroidered, are obtainable for 21s., instead of 42s. 6d., the original price.

No Catalogue. Everyone must visit Liberty's, Regent Street, W., without delay, as they are issuing no catalogue in connection with the wonderful bargains included in their winter sale, which is now in full swing. There is a large selection of useful Yoru crêpe dresses trimmed with hand-painted silk in the famous Liberty colourings for 15s. 6d.; and attractive wraps and cloaks for day and evening wear range from 3 guineas.



A practical frock of soft wool, obtainable in several colours at D. H. Evans', Oxford Street, W.



Both desirable and inexpensive are these Tritex silk stockings, sponsored by the Holeproof Hosiery Company, 47, Berners Street, W.

Three Weeks' Sale. Three weeks is the span allotted to the great sale at Dickins and Jones', Regent Street, W., which began on Monday last, and the early visitor will secure many prizes. There are evening dresses in soft satin crêpe, with the fashionable cross-over bodice and gracefully draped skirt, for 5 guineas, and débutantes' crinoline frocks of moiré for 79s. 6d., in many wonderful colours. Useful tweed skirts in pretty heather mixtures are obtainable for 31s. 6d., and tailored suits for the spring can be secured for 84s. There is also a vast selection of bargains in the millinery, blouse and jumper departments; attractive feather hats are marked at 17s. 9d. only; and over-blouses of silk and wool crêpe have been ruthlessly

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*Beauty is built
of many exquisitely perfect details!*

AND ELIZABETH ARDEN HAS
DEVOTED SCIENCE AND SKILL TO PERFECTING
EVERY DETAIL OF YOUR FACE AND FORM

The most elaborate *toilette* can be marred by tiny faults of your skin—cheeks that shine, blemishes that flaunt an angry red, coarseness, wrinkles. But each of these faults can be overcome. Not hidden, mind you, but removed! Elizabeth Arden has developed a scientific treatment to perfect every detail of your appearance. Her method is fundamental: she builds beauty on a sure foundation of firm muscle contours and smooth clear skin. For sallowness, she suggests, not rouge, but stimulating tonics, deftly applied. For wrinkles, not concealing balms, but nourishing skin foods that fill out hollows and attenuations. For coarseness, Elizabeth Arden has developed a wonderful astringent cream that brings the coarsest, laziest pores tightly together, and makes the texture of the skin fine and silky. The lovely women who follow Elizabeth Arden's method are never dependent upon artifice to create an effect of beauty. If you cannot come to the Arden Salon for personal treatment, you can still achieve wonderful results by caring for your skin at home under Miss Arden's direction. Write to Elizabeth Arden describing the characteristics and faults of your skin, and she will send you a personal letter of advice, outlining the correct treatment for you, and enclosing her book "The Quest of the Beautiful" which describes her method.

Your daily treatment of the skin should include:

Venetian Cleansing Cream.—A pure soft cream that melts on the skin, penetrates the pores, dissolves and dislodges all impurities. Supplies the natural oils of the skin, keeps it smooth and supple. Use morning and night and after exposure. . . 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic.—Tones, firms and whitens the skin, keeps it clear and radiant. Refreshing and stimulating to the skin. . . 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

Venetian Orange Skin Food.—The best deep tissue builder, excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face. Nourishes the skin, keeps it smooth and full. . . 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

Venetian Velva Cream.—A delicate nourishing cream for full faces. Gives the skin a soft smooth appearance, corrects any tendency to dryness, without fattening. . . 4/6, 8/6.

Venetian Special Astringent.—For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. . . 9/6, 17/6.

Venetian Pore Cream.—Greaseless, astringent cream that closes enlarged pores, corrects their relaxed condition, refines the coarsest skin. . . 4/6.

Venetian Muscle Oil.—Feeds and fills out sunken tissues, restores the virility of impoverished muscles, rounds the contours, smooths the skin. . . 4/6, 10/-, 16/6.

Elizabeth Arden's Exercises for Health and Beauty.—Three double-sided gramophone records of exercise movements created especially for women, to normalize the weight, stimulate circulation and clear the skin, develop poise and grace. . . £2 2 0.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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CANNES (A.M.) HOTEL ROYAL

Arden Venetian Preparations are also on sale at
more than 700 smart shops all over the world

Surprising reductions during Jay's Winter Sale

A REALLY exceptional opportunity for Ladies to replenish their wardrobe with the highest class of goods at practically nominal prices is afforded to all who attend Jay's Winter Sale, which commences

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 2ND

and continues throughout the present month. In every Department surprising reductions will be made. Paris Models will be offered at less than cost. Furs and Fur-trimmed Coats at most attractive prices. Tea-gowns, Millinery, Hosiery, Gloves, etc., all specially reduced in order to ensure immediate disposal.

Typical Reductions

UNDERWEAR

	Usual Price.	SALE PRICE
Spun Silk Knickers in black only	28/6	21/-
Heavy weight spun Silk Knickers in white and black	38/6	31/6
Heavy weight pure Silk Knickers in white, black and pink	3½ gns.	52/6
Italian Silk Knickers in many colours	31/6	28/6
Italian Silk Combinations in white, and pink, opera tops	28/6	25/6
Italian Silk Vests in white and pink, with embroidered fronts	31/6	25/6
White Llama Wool Combinations	21/-	17/9

HOSIERY

Fine French Lisle Hose with open clox, in all shades	6/6	5/6
Dropstitch French Lisle Hose, in all shades	8/11	7/6
Fine quality Balbriggan Cashmere Hose, embroidered silk clox, in heather mixtures	7/6	5/9
Best quality fine Silk and Wool Hose, with silk clox, in black, white and newest shades	12/6	10/6
Best quality ribbed Silk and Wool Hose, stocked in black, white and newest shades	13/6	11/6
Fine quality Pure Silk Hose, with reinforced Lisle feet and tops and openwork clox, stocked in black, white, and all the new colours	10/6	8/9

GLOVES

Best quality 2-dome Pique Suède Gloves in all new shades	9/6	7/9
Best quality 2-dome Pique Suède Gloves, lined Silk, in all newest shades	10/6	8/9
Best quality 2-button washing Doeskin Gloves, stocked in white and cream only	9/6	7/9
Finest washing Doeskin Gloves in white and cream only.		
SAXE—		
4-button length	12/6	10/6
10 " "	18/6	15/9
MOUSQUETAIRE—		
12-button length	21/-	17/9
16 " "	25/6	20/-
6-button length Saxe Washing Suède Gloves, in ficelle, drab or grey only	10/6	8/9

SALE GOODS CANNOT BE SENT ON APPROVAL

JAY'S Ltd., REGENT ST., W.1

WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

A Twelve Days' Sale.

Everyone must visit Samuel Brothers (Oxford Circus, W., and 65, Ludgate Hill, E.C.) before Jan. 12, which date marks the end of their winter sale, which is now in full swing. There are numbers of prizes to be secured in the domain of knitted frocks ranging from 35s. 9d.; and 45s. is the cost of the pretty model sketched on this page; while 16s. 9d. purchases the child's cosy frock and knickers, eminently practical garments for all occasions. Knitted woollen and tweed costumes are obtainable from 30s., and even fur-trimmed velour coats are modestly marked at 42s. A large variety of pretty jumpers of wool and silk range from 6s. 11d. and 15s. 6d. respectively. Samuel Brothers is, of course, a name synonymous with everything that is necessary for school outfits, and during the sale the family should most certainly be taken to replenish their school trunks. Boys' Rugby suits, sizes seven to thirteen years, in all-wool tweeds, can be obtained for 21s.; and light rain-coats lined with rubber check and completed with belts are only 14s. 9d. A complete list of everything which can possibly be needed by the schoolboy will be sent to all readers on application.

A Reduction of 5s. in the £.

A fact that must be broadcasted everywhere is that prices at the City Fur Store (whose salons are on the first floor of 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.) are reduced twenty-five per cent. during their sale, which continues until the end of the month; and a special list of sale bargains will be sent to all readers on application. It includes magnificent marmot coats for 21 guineas, reduced from 28 guineas; long skunk stoles, four

strands wide and sixty inches long, for 9½ instead of 15 guineas; and seal coney coats are reduced to 16½ guineas; with skunk



Cosy knitted frocks for persons of all ages are a speciality of Samuel Brothers, Oxford Circus, W. Warm grey wool bordered in pretty colourings makes the attractive affair on the right, and nigger stockinette the child's pretty costume, comprising dress and knickers.

collars they are 24 guineas. Fox stoles can be obtained for 5 guineas, and cub bear from 5½ guineas.

A Sale at Burberry's.

No time should be lost before applying to Burberry's, Haymarket, S.W., for the illustrated booklet giving full details of their winter sale, which is now in progress and continues until the end of February. Men's, women's, and children's motoring, weatherproof, and racing coats are all reduced to practically half-price, and a glance through the booklet will quickly show that the prospective shopper will secure real bargains at exceptionally advantageous prices.

Household Linens.

Drastic reductions in the prices of household linen are prominent features in the present sale of Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, whose name guarantees the sterling qualities of every bargain. Beautiful Irish linen table-cloths and serviettes, sheets and pillow-cases, are all marked down to incredibly low prices, as well as towels, dinner-sets, and other indispensable items. Application for full details should be made to Belfast, or to the branches at Church Street, Liverpool, and at 156, Regent Street, London, where there are also many notable bargains to be found in the domain of jumpers, blouses, lingerie, etc.

Write for the Booklet.

An invaluable guide to winter bargains is the sale catalogue of Nicholson's, Ltd., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., which will be sent gratis and post free on application. The sale continues throughout January, and includes a large selection of three-quarter-length seal coney coats for 9 guineas, reduced from 12 and 15 guineas; and all-wool velour motoring coats, lined with fur and finished with a collar of coney, for £9 19s. 6d. There are fifty tailor-made coats and skirts offered at 21s. 9d. each, and heavy artificial-silk frocks for the same amount.

Beautiful Users of

**BRISTOW'S
GEORGIAN
TOILET
PREPARATIONS**

MISS HILDA TREVELYAN,
the charming and well-known Actress, writes:
Apollo Theatre,
Dear Sirs,
I use your Georgian Soap and Powder, and find them excellent. Most soothing to a sensitive skin, fragrant and refreshing.
Yours faithfully,
HILDA TREVELYAN.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

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Established 1777.
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Perfumiers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V.

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BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN BEAUTY POWDER
1'3 & 2'6
Send name of your Store.
Make beauty a duty!



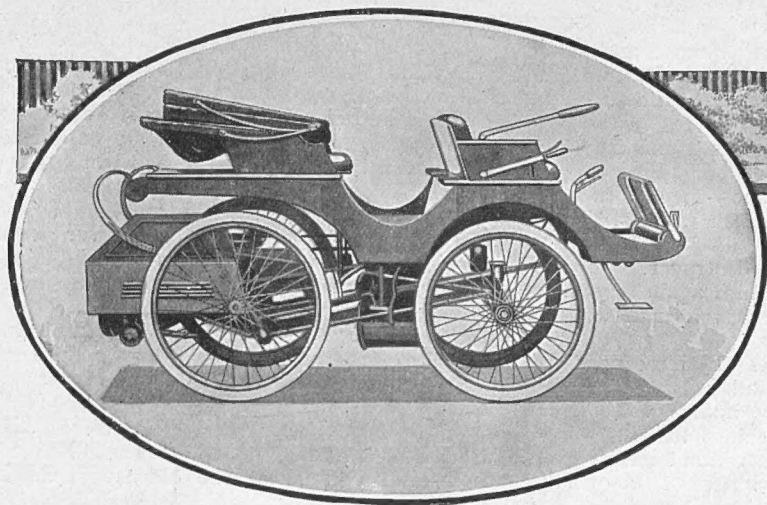
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Clearance Sale

is that goods, of standard quality only, are secured at much reduced cost.

Their entire Showroom stock of CRETONNES, PRINTED LINENS, FURNITURE, CARPETS, FANCY GOODS, Etc., are reduced to clear.
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STORY'S
Kensington W.



"BP" British Pioneer Series

Every Car has its day

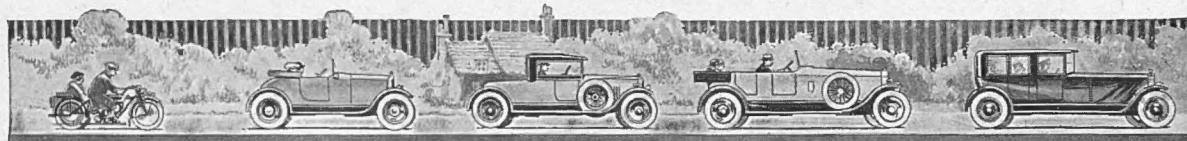
This one, built to Mr. Lanchester's design, doubtless caused no small stir in the early summer of 1896.

It is claimed to be the first British built four-wheeled petrol car and was credited with an average speed of 12 miles an hour—a figure which no doubt could have been improved upon but for the low grade fuels then available.

Motorists to-day have no excuse for letting indifferent fuel impair the speed and efficiency of their cars. They can be assured of the utmost power and pace by using "BP"—the British petrol.

Because of the extra power and speed it gives, "BP" was used by the winners of both the recent 200 miles Light Car races at Brooklands.

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"BP"
The British Petrol



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IS THE ONLY RECONSTRUCTIVE FOOD
with a PUBLISHED FORMULA which has been consistently
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Roboleine is simply the concentrated essence of the
most valuable foods known to man. Every particle
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"Roboleine" is very palatable and is readily
absorbed by the very aged and by weakly children.

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**HERE IS THE
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Red Marrow from the Long Bones and Jelly from the
Rib Bones of prime oxen, Cream of Malt (described by
The Lancet as the 'Crème de la crème of malt ex-
tracts'), Egg Yolk and Neutralized Lemon Juice.

Be wise: Do not waste money on tonic foods of unknown composition.

Free 12-dose sample of 'Roboleine' sent on request to

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THE WHITE HOUSE, Ltd.,

51, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON

will, previous to its amalgamation with

THE WHITE HOUSE (Maison L. Giraud)

RUE CASTIGLIONE, PARIS

OFFER ITS ENTIRE STOCK OF

TABLE LINEN & HOUSE LINEN

Such as Top Sheets, Bedspreads, Pillow
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LINGERIE

Silk and Linen Underclothing,
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at an ENORMOUS SACRIFICE so as to effect
a clearance before the end of January.

SALE

commences Jan. 1st and
continues to the 26th.

BARGAIN LIST ON APPLICATION.

SALE PRICES STRICTLY FOR CASH.

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

(Continued from page 20.)

"The sitting-room window is open, too. That also we left shut. Ah!"

He bent over the dead man, examining the corners of the mouth minutely. Then he looked up suddenly.

"He has been gagged, Hastings. Gagged and then poisoned."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, shocked. "I suppose we shall find out all about it from the post-mortem."

"We shall find out nothing. He was killed by inhaling strong prussic acid. It was jammed right under his nose. Then the murderer went away again, first opening all the windows. Hydrocyanic acid is exceedingly volatile, but it has a pronounced smell of bitter almonds. With no trace of the smell to guide them, and no suspicion of foul play, death would be put down to some natural cause by the doctors. So this man was in the Secret Service, Hastings. And five years ago he disappeared in Russia."

"The last two years he's been in the Asylum," I said. "But what of the three years before that?"

Poirot shook his head, and then caught my arm.

"The clock, Hastings, look at the clock."

I followed his gaze to the mantelpiece. The clock had stopped at four o'clock.

"*Mon ami*, someone has tampered with it. It had still three days to run. It is an eight-day clock, you comprehend?"

"But what should they want to do that for? Some idea of a false scent by making the crime appear to have taken place at four o'clock?"

"No, no; rearrange your ideas, *mon ami*. Exercise your little grey cells. You are Mayerling. You hear something, perhaps—and you know well enough that your doom is sealed. You have just time to leave a sign. Four o'clock, Hastings. Number Four, the destroyer. Ah! an idea!"

He rushed into the other room and seized the telephone. He asked for Hanwell. A few minutes later he turned to me and hung up the receiver.

"You heard, Hastings? There has been no escape."

"But the man who came—the keeper?"

"I wonder—I very much wonder."

"You mean—?"

"Number Four—the destroyer."

"But we shall know him again anywhere, that's one thing. He was a man of very pronounced personality."

"Was he, *mon ami*? I think not. He was burly and bluff, and red-faced, with a thick moustache and a hoarse voice. He will be none of those things by this time; and for the rest, he has nondescript eyes, nondescript ears, and a perfect set of false teeth. Identification is not such an easy matter as you seem to think. Next time—"

"You think there will be a next time?" I interrupted.

Poirot's face grew very grave.

"It is a duel to the death, *mon ami*. You and I on the one side, the Big Four on the other. They have won the first trick; but they have failed in their plan to get me out of the way, and in the future they have to reckon with Hercule Poirot!"

(To be continued.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

"SCARAMOUCHE."

A METRO FILM AT THE TIVOLI.

RAFAEL SABATINI'S famous story of the Revolution—which, I scarcely dare confess it, I have not read—seems to me to share its chief ingredients with most of the tales of the Terror. There is the lovely young Aristocrat menaced by the howling hatred of the Mob; there is the

cruel and profligate Aristocrat who lives vilely but dies splendidly; there are the various leaders of the mob, the leonine Danton and the incorruptible Robespierre, who carries his head at such an impossible angle even before he loses it, according to the films. Then there is the mob itself: the mob, so picturesque, so surging, so blood-thirsty, and so inexhaustible; for ever on the move, for ever wallowing in wine and gore, for ever carmagnoling! And such an everlasting joy to the producer! I must admit that Mr. Rex Ingram's mob is an admirable sample of its kind—a thoroughly ominous and blood-curdling mob. Only, as a regular cinema-goer, I am getting to be on quite friendly terms with the "*liberté, égalité, fraternité*" hordes of the French Revolution—and you know the old adage about familiarity.

The particular pawn selected by Mr. Sabatini from the quick-changing chess-board of the Terror is Moreau, a young law student who became a famous general and owed his undoing to his political bungles. The fact that his father met his death beneath the knife of the guillotine has inspired a whole web of romance which the novelist skilfully weaves around the youthful Moreau. We behold him as a young law student of unknown parentage, who espouses the people's cause at Rennes—*vide* history. Hunted down by dragoons, he seeks refuge amongst a company of strolling players. His witty pen having brought them into prominence, he himself appears as Scaramouche, the idol of Paris. In a highly effective scene he denounces the aristocrats from the stage, and urges the people on to open revolt, only to find that he is exposing the girl he loves to the fury of the crowd. His ultimate rescue of his sweetheart and their escape from Paris form the culminating scenes of a thrilling if not particularly novel melodrama. It is all tremendously well done and well drilled, and I am fully persuaded of the film's popularity.

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Winter Sports Outfit,
Tunic and Breeches
or Tunic and Skirt.



In Suède Leather, lined Velour £15 15 0
In Proofed Gabardine, lined
fleece wool £12 12 0
In Velour £12 12 0
Original Caps and Hats to
match Suits £2 2 0

These Suits can be made in all colours, and to
measure at shortest notice.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
PERMANENTLY REMOVED

Not Electrolysis
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Written
Guarantee
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Permanent
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By an Entirely New Method the Wonderful Solray
Treatment Painlessly and Permanently Destroys any
Hair Growth Without Leaving the Slightest Trace.

THE SOLRAY CO. (HELEN CRAIG), 15, Hanover St., Regent St., W. (Consultations Free).



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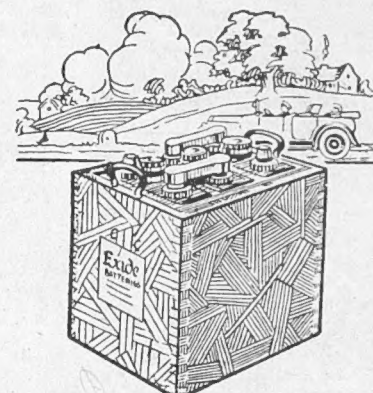
Cleaning Bed Covers

Lady.—Good morning, Mr. Mak'Siccar. I'm delighted with my Bed-Covers now. I'm so glad you suggested sending them to STEVENSONS for Dry Cleaning. I do like to have my bedrooms nice, especially when I'm expecting visitors.

Mr. Mak'Siccar.—I knew you would be pleased, and you can also send your Curtains, Covers and Carpets with confidence—The Mak'Siccar Processes are unrivalled.

Stevensons Pay Return Carriage.
Artist Dyers & Dry Cleaners.

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DUNDEE**



An Exide Battery on your car means
a sure start and a reliable light.
All garages and the 300 Exide Service
agents can supply. ASK FOR LIST.

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By appointment to H.M. the King and
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WINE LISTS ON APPLICATION

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By Appointment

Coachbuilding

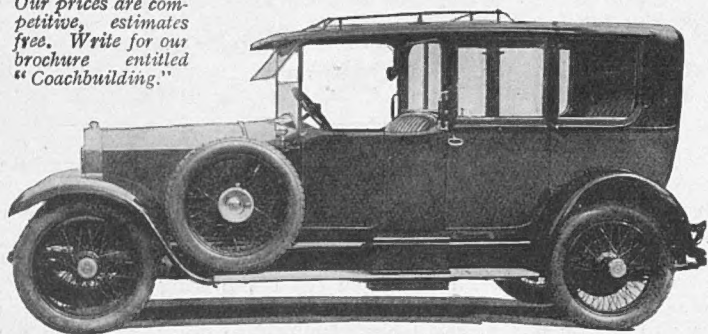
BEAUTY, dignity, comfort, safety—for these qualities the motor car is every whit as dependent upon the art and skill of the coachbuilder as is the horse-drawn vehicle.

They are to be found in every motor body designed and built by

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Our prices are competitive, estimates free. Write for our brochure entitled "Coachbuilding."



PACKARD

"ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE."

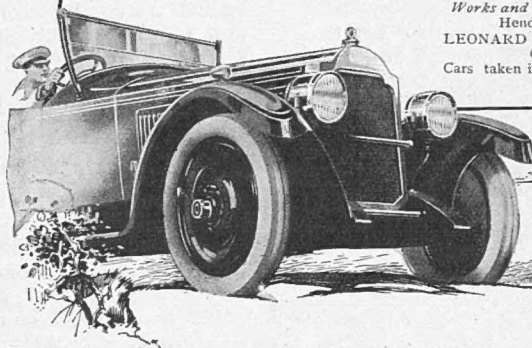
An extract from one of many letters received from satisfied owners:—

"I am no lover of American cars or things American, as you know. I own a car of world-wide repute, admittedly worthy of being called Britain's best. Sorrowfully, I must tell you the Packard 6 is the best six for her power I have ever driven, and I am not at all sure she is not the best six of any power. She is, price considered, the finest proposition on the market. I drive about 20,000 miles a year and have been driving since the old one-cylinder owner was the proudest man on earth."

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London Showrooms: 198, Piccadilly, W.1.

Works and Service Station:
Hendon, N.W.
LEONARD WILLIAMS,
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Cars taken in Part Exchange.



Distinction
in Dress—
with Economy
at

Ninette

WINTER
S A L E

Providing a fitting climax to a season of gratifying success, the House of Ninette announces its annual Winter Sale.

True economy, as well as distinction, in dress can be enjoyed by a visit to our showrooms on

MONDAY, JANUARY 7TH

and subsequent days then will be presented the opportunity of acquiring the latest Parisian and our own creations, under the most favourable terms.

An inspection of the extensive and choice range of Gowns, Costumes and Coats that will then be shown, will readily convince you that, in spite of the exceptionally low quotations, the prestige of the House of Ninette is amply upheld.

Telephone - - Gerrard {2244
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79 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE
47 CRANBURN STREET
(Facing Daly's Theatre)
LONDON, W., and Branches.



One Whisky only
One Quality only

and, that of a genuine very old Whisky, selected to meet the best-class requirements.

That, in short, sums up the circumstances in which it is now impossible to sell "Red Tape" Whisky at less than 13/- per bottle.

"Red Tape" REGD The Whisky

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7 16s. 0d. and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

Obtainable from The Victoria Wine Co., Ltd., 12/20 Osborn St., E.1, and at all their branches.
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., GLASGOW.

THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

New Year Callers.

I am having quite a lot of callers just now. They are not really due until New Year's Day, when—I hope—you will read these lines; but they get to work early. The first to come was the postman who delivers the newspapers and printed matter. He said his object was to present me with an almanack for 1924, but I know that what he really wanted was his *étrennes*, and he got them. Then there was the postman who brings the registered letters, the ordinary postman, the telegraph boy—or girl. So much for the postal department. The milkman's boy, and the young woman from the newsagent's, and the man who delivers the fire-logs—only the rich burn coal in Paris—will all be here, of course. Then there is our cook, to whom I shall hand our little offering with fear and trembling, as I know that if she has intended to leave us at any time within the last six weeks it will be the day after receiving her *étrennes* that she will give notice. As for the *concierge*, I shall approach him with due humility, and I must not be surprised if he tells me that the amount is not enough—which he will not hesitate to do.

A Busy Day. Then I must think of my friends. I must send visiting cards to all of them for the New Year. I must call and present some flowers

or a box of chocolates to every hostess at whose house I have dined during the year. If I am a Frenchman, I must visit all my relations on New Year's Day, to wish them a *bonne année*, especially my parents, who will remind me of the days when I was a child, and came to their room to recite a little poem to them on New Year's morning. And then there will be the New Year "promotion" of the Legion of Honour, which you would call the Honours List. Hundreds of people will be running round Paris, congratulating the successful recipients of red ribbons and rosettes, after having confidentially told their friends that the thing is a scandal; and the congratulated, after having pulled every conceivable wire in the matter, will brazenly explain how surprised they are at the whole thing. Altogether, it will be a busy day.

Sacha's New Home.

I have not been there yet; but I am told that there are no *strapontins* in the Théâtre de l'Etoile, which is Sacha Guitry's new home. "Home" is the right word, by the way, for Sacha almost lives in the theatre. Now I can hardly believe that a manager of the experience of Alphonse Franck would have dared to abolish *strapontins*. He might as well try to abolish the *ouvreuse*, who comes and steps on your feet to ask you for her *petit service* in return for not having shown you to your seat. Or he might as well think it would please the Paris public to engage

ouvreuses who are young and charming. He might just as well think of beginning the play at the advertised time, or not more than twenty minutes after, and of reducing the *entr'actes* to something less than three-quarters of an hour. The Paris public would soon teach him. They don't like that sort of thing. They are very conservative about going to the theatre. They like to go in the same way as their fathers and grandfathers used to go, and I am sure the manager who first introduced electric light must have been ruined by it, as also his predecessor who replaced oil-lamps by gas, and the man before him who abolished candles. Besides, the Paris public doesn't like to be over-comfortable. For anything to be a success, it must be over-crowded and stuffy, and the Variétés, which dates from before the Second Empire, is still the most fashionable theatre in Paris. These are the reasons which make me hope—for his and Sacha's sake—that Alphonse Franck has not abolished *strapontins*, although for my own sake I hope he has, for if there are any I am sure to get one. You know what *strapontins* are, by the way, don't you? They are little brackets, fixed to the side of the end seat in a row; and when they are let down the theatre will charge you as much for them as if they had solid foundations, cushioned seats, and backs. They also block up the gangways completely, and that is why you probably have the L.C.C. to thank if you have not got them in London.

BOULEVARDIER.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXIX.

SOME MORE FREAKS—II.

BEFORE continuing my freak experiences I want to tell you the worst Christmas bridge lie I have heard yet. A lady—a regular auction fiend: you know the sort that has no other thought in this world (and hopes to have the same in the next) outside bridge—took her little boy one morning to a Christmas bazaar. Said little boy is very struck with a bucket and spade, but for his own particular plaything he insisted on having two buckets, and kept on saying, "Two buckets, mummie." "Shall we say two buckets, Madam?" asked the attendant. "I say two spades," promptly replied the bridge fiend, and two spades it was; and the little boy—anyhow, it's a pretty rotten story, isn't it?

Now for the freaks. The hands mentioned in this and last week's article all occurred in a country house not a hundred miles from Maidenhead, where in pre-war days there used to be a regular week-end rubber. The conditions, of course, varied, also the players, as, for instance, the lady partner referred to in last week's hand does not appear in any more of these freak deals. I fancy this was as well for her, as a few more rubbers like the one mentioned in which she took part would have caused her early and much-to-be-regretted demise.

The following hand I did not actually take part in, but I saw it played. The usual rubber where we played consisted of six players—men who, after the ladies retire, begin serious bridge, and often continue it until—well, why go into details? Anyhow, one way or another, we must have played some thousands of rubbers—sufficient, at any rate, to make the appearance of these freak hands, by the theory of probability, nothing unusual. Six is, of course, the ideal number for bridge; you play two rubbers and look on at one. In the case I am going to quote I happened to be looking on; don't imagine, though, that the looker-

on has no interest in the rubber—as the night grew older, indeed, the interest as a rule grew greater—and on this occasion I was considerably interested in the affairs of A and B, both excellent players. Their opponents, Y and Z, were not quite so good (hence, let it be confessed, my considerable interest in AB—and lucky to get on!) The game stood: AB, 0; YZ, 1 game and 27 up, which did not look very healthy for my champions.

Z dealt and picked up this hand.

SPADES—A, K, Q.

HEARTS—A.

CLUBS—A, K, 4.

DIAMONDS—A, K, Kn, 10, 7, 6.

He bid three no-trumps, and I turned away to seek consolation elsewhere; but I had scarcely poured out the business part of the consolation when I heard friend A call four hearts. It did not take long to get a peep at A's hand, and therein I saw six hearts to four honours, and not a single club. Y passed; B passed; Z bid four no-trumps. A passed; Y passed; when B—perfect gentleman that he is—bid the fifth heart. Z, after due deliberation doubled, and there the bidding ended. Y led a spade, and A scored a small slam! A's and B's (his dummy's) hands were—

A
SPADES—10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
HEARTS—K, Q, Kn, 10, 3, 2.
CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—3, 2.

B
SPADES—None.
HEARTS—9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4.
CLUBS—Q, Kn, 10, 9.
DIAMONDS—Q, 9, 8.

It will be seen that all A had to do was to double-ruff spades and clubs, and that the only trick he lost was the ace of trumps.

I leave it to the reader to say what he thinks of the bidding.

The next is a double dummy game, which occurred owing to our being disappointed of a fourth, and to my refusing to play "cut-throat." There is nothing freakish about the cards, but there is something freakish about A's superlative play at double dummy.

The score was: 1 game all; A, 10; Y, 0. A dealt and bid one no-trump. Y passed

and led the queen of clubs, and found in his dummy ace, king of spades, ace of diamonds and clubs. Y carelessly (and not being a good double-dummy player) led out these winners from his dummy, and then let A in with the king of clubs. A now said he could win the game, and, what's more, backed himself to do it, and won his bet. It is few players who could see so far ahead in actual play. The position, which forms our Bridge Problem No. 12, was now—

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 12.

SPADES—Q.
HEARTS—Kn, 10, 2.
CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—K, 5, 4, 3.

B

SPADES—None.
HEARTS—Q, 8.
CLUBS—Kn, 10.
DIAMONDS—Q, 9, 8, 7.

Y Z
SPADES—10, 8, 6, 2.
HEARTS—7, 6, 5, 4.
CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—None.

A

SPADES—Kn, 9.
HEARTS—A, K, 9, 3.
CLUBS—6.
DIAMONDS—Kn.

No-trumps. A to lead and make seven tricks. Solutions, if received before next Monday, will be acknowledged.

The solution to Bridge Problem No. 11, which appeared the week before last, is that YZ make all the tricks. Can you do it?

H. S. B.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GODFATHER.—How and for what am I to give my parole? Sure I would not hurt any bridge-player's feelings for the world. No one could hurt mine as a bridge-player. All I do here is to express an opinion, and to try and give my reasons for the opinion stated. I don't guarantee the opinion to be correct. I am sure the opinion expressed in these notes is incorrect exactly as often as the opinions expressed in some other fellow's note.

H. G. (Vienna).—Thanks for letter. The bridge blocks you send are highly interesting. I hope soon to write more about the new game, which I am glad you like.